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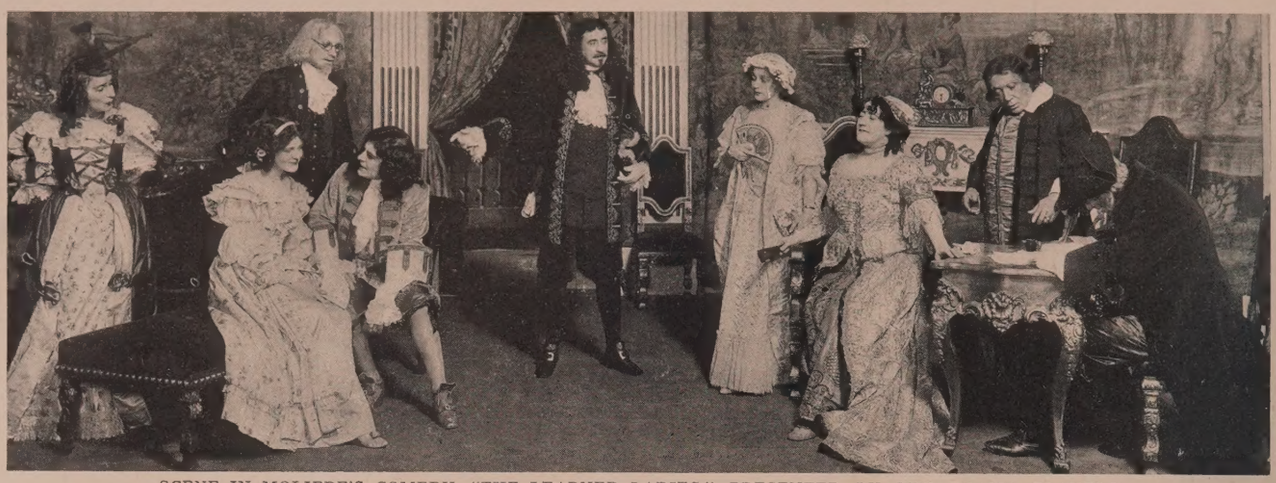
White

Charlotte Granville as Philaminte

Donald Robertson as Chrisale

Act II. Chrisale: "What! Do you dare resist my will?"

SCENE IN MOLIERE'S COMEDY, "THE LEARNED LADIES," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



SCENE IN MOLIERE'S COMEDY, "THE LEARNED LADIES," PRESENTED BY THE DRAMA PLAYERS

At the Playhouse

CENTURY. "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH." Dramatization in four acts by Robert Hichens and Mary Anderson. Produced October 21 with this cast:

Domini Enfilden..Mary Mannering
Suzanne .....Alexander Salvini
Count Anteoni.....Eben Plympton
Father Roubier.....Arthur Lewis
Capt. De Trevignac—Edwin Brandt
Hadj .....Roy Merrill
Ouardi ....Francklyn Hurleigh
Larbi .....Dikran Seropyan
The Sand Diviner.harles Hayne
Sheik .....Keill Ayob
Mueddin .....Salum Ayob

Batouch .....Jose Ruben
Garcon .....Alphonse Fabre
Irena ..... Faddma
Tamouda ..... Asmasa
Selima ..... Porcin
Boris Androvsky.....Lewis Waller

"The Garden of Allah" stands alone among recent plays in its spiritual elevation. The book from which it was taken produced a profound impression. The present production by the Messrs. Liebler is beautiful to behold. The spirit of the desert, and all the external manifestation of the infinite solitude of waste places, as well as the beauty of the garden spot which serves as a lovely retreat from the barren surroundings, are reproduced in a manner that perhaps cannot be excelled on the stage.

That Mr. Hichens, the author of the novel, and Mary Anderson, beloved by us all in the memory of her public life as an actress as well as of the beneficent lesson of her present private life, are not professionally expert as playwrights, does not take away one whit from the applause due the intent. The play has soul, but it is crude. It is a highly religious play. A monk, tiring of the solitude and restraint of his cell, possessing the vigor and the passions of the men who love and live, breaks his vow, escapes to the desert, meets the woman who can fill every desire of his soul, marries her, and on the discovery by her of his identity, at her command, relinquishes her and returns to his monastic cell to atone for his dereliction.

Probably because of the obviousness of the idea the two collaborators lost sight of the proper form for the play in certain structural details. The play, as first produced, began with a caravan of camels crossing the desert, not a word being spoken. The illusion was perfect; but that was not the proper starting point. The play has to do with a conflict of souls. The desert is but a medium, an irresistible influence, but passive, exercising its attraction upon all alike. The drama should begin with the discontent, rebellion and flight of the monk, Boris Androvsky. A scene of the kind was interpolated after the first performance. It followed the first scene of the caravan, entitled "The Spirit of the Desert." The monk visits his brother, a doctor, in his study, and is provided with means for his flight. It would seem that the Trappist monastery to which Boris returns should have been seen in the beginning of the play. This should be the first scene. Sequence

A Christmas Invocation

Into their lives, where e'er Thy spirit walks,
Into their thoughts, where sacred is Thy name,
Into their homes, where oft starvation stalks,
Into their souls, lit by Thy lofty flame,
Oh Lord, our God, all blessings we invoke,
And Christmas cheer, unto the Player Folk.

Full many parts, other than those they act,
Full many scenes, writ by no playwright's pen,
With aching hearts, by pain and sorrows racked,
They daily play, mere women and mere men.
And Thou, O Lord, so good and just alway,
Forget them not upon this Christmas day.

The "star," world known, who's won the bubble fame,
The chorister, whose humbler toil means wage,
The aspirant, who dreams, with unwon name,
Yea! all who nightly grace the program page,
Upon them all, O Lord, Thy cheer bestow,
And give Thy love, from whence all blessings flow.

In ev'ry clime, where tears and laughter reign,
From furthest East, to where the sun last sets,
Wherever hearts trudge down life's weary lane,
And their illusions lighten cares and frets,
These players take, O Lord, into Thy hands,
And pray, forget Thou not the one-night stands.

The last faint star hangs dimly in the West,
The East is gleaming golden with the morn,
And dawning is the day of all most blest,
When Christ, Thine only Son, O Lord, was born.
So, on this Christmas, day of days most dear,
Pray send, unto the Player Folk, Good Cheer.

BERTRAM MARBURGH.

and compactness would be served if Androvsky were seen first escaping from the monastery and then in the caravan on his way to the Garden of Allah. We would then have been expecting his arrival at the hotel, where he meets Domini. The action would have been established from the beginning. In the first performance it was all story, understandable, in a dramatic sense, only by those who had read the book. Picturesque scene followed picturesque scene, tame as to action, and without the large purpose of the play being in view at all. It was only in the second act that the passion of the play was kindled. There in the garden of Count Anteoni, a beautiful spot, with its slender palms, its fresh foliage, and with every lavish gift of beautiful vegetation, with whispering winds and singing brooks, Boris declares his love for Domini.

Mr. Lewis Waller, as Boris, in this scene, aroused the utmost enthusiasm of the audience that welcomed the newcomer in his first triumph. There was in his acting an entire absence of all romanticism. Here was a monk, unused to love, overcome by it, and throwing away all the previous restraints on his manhood. In naturalness and in fervor of passion it was an exquisite expression, free from every tendency of theatricalism. When he flung himself to the ground, after his avowal, he had won life for the play, and had established his personal fortunes on our stage. In point of fact, Mr. Lewis Waller is largely the play. Not all the scenes in which he figures are in themselves particularly dramatic, but always the monk held your sympathies and excited your interest in his every thought expressed in his face and manner, according to the infinite changes of spiritual feeling. Thus, the scene in a dancing house, picturesque as it was, had no great interest in itself. There were dancing women, real Arabs, who performed their sinuous and voluptuous movements before him, but it was the shrinking Boris, with aversion in every feature, that held our attention. Miss Mary Mannering had one or two scenes that insured a certain sympathy for the character of Domini, but in the tent scene with the monk she was a distinct disappointment.

Mr. Eben Plympton has not been seen of late years on our stage as often as his capacities deserve; his Count Anteoni was excellent.

There were many figures in the play—Arabs, priests, people of the desert and various types of the locality. The stage management of the piece was of the very first order. One of the effects was a sandstorm on the desert, a bit of realism not easy to surpass.

LYRIC. "THE LEARNED LADIES." Comedy in five acts by Molière. Translation by Curtis Hidden Page. Produced on November 10 last with the following cast:

Chrisale	Donald Robertson	Clitandre	Frederick Eric
Philaminte	Charlotte Granville	Trissotin	Edward Emery
Armande	Effie Shannon	Vadius	Sheldon Lewis
Henriette	Renee Kelley	Martine	Alice Coburn
Ariste	Herbert Kelcey	Lepine	Frank Hardin
Belise	Mrs. Eugenie Woodward	Julien	A. Hylton Allen

In spite of the high rank he holds in the world of dramatic literature, it is surprising how few of the works of Molière have found a place in the programs of the professional stage during the last three decades. Bronson Howard made free use of two of the comedies of the great Frenchman, which Augustin Daly produced under the title of "Wives"; Coquelin gave us his inimitable Mascarille and Tartufe; Possart essayed Chrisale not many years ago at the Irving Place Theatre, and Richard Mansfield produced "The Misanthrope." Franklin Sargent has several times made use of "Les Précieuses Ridicules" to exploit the

Mishkin

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA

Will be seen at the Lyceum Theatre, December 5, in a new play by Pierre Wolff, entitled "The Marionettes"

histrionic skill of his numerous pupils, but this is a small output when it is considered that no less an authority than Brander Matthews writes articles comparing Jean-Baptiste Poquelin with William Shakespeare.

It is not at this day or in this place to argue the intrinsic merits of Molière's comedies. They were written at a time when artificiality was at its zenith; the theatre itself was as artificial as the court, to which it owed its

being, and while the indomitable Frenchman by his wit, skill and satire punctured many of the foibles of the times, it must be admitted that as drama of potential acting value, as studies of character calculated to impress, stir and move, they have lost their power. In the playhouse they must always charm, tickle the fancy and stimulate the wit; they will always be valuable to exploit technical training, but will they accomplish much more?

For their second offering the Drama Players presented "Les Femmes Savantes," translated and arranged by Prof. Curtis Hidden Page, under the title of "The Learned Ladies," and a very meritorious, albeit uneven, representation it was. Actors of to-day, brought up and schooled in the most practical phase of being the world has ever known, must be lacking in those artificial airs and graces so needed to properly bring out the spirit and intent of the Molière period. This is where Donald Robertson and his associates lay themselves open to criticism. Mr. Robertson himself is admirable as the hen-pecked husband, who avoids asserting his position that he may enjoy peace and quiet. As his *fille précieuse,* Effie Shannon is quite in the historical picture. Her practical sister is sweetly and ingenuously played by Renee Kelly, and there is spirit and life to Alice Cobourn's Marline. Charlotte Granville is an imposing Philaminte, capitally sustains her scenes, but is too modern, both in dress and speech. Herbert Kelcey errs in the same directions, though his sound training is a valuable adjunct in the effect, and there is broad comedy value to the work of Eugenie Woodward as Belise. The minor rôles are neatly played, and though Fred Eric is naively *gauche* as Clitandre, he is earnest and reads well, but what Edward Emery's conception of Trissotin is—the epitome of everything egotistically artificial—it is difficult for anyone to imagine. Oh! for the grand airs of yester year!

LYRIC. "The Lady from the Sea." Drama in five acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced on November 6 last with the following cast:

Doctor Wangel.....Donald Robertson	Arnholm .....Lionel Belmore
Ellida Wangel.....Hedwig Reicher	Lyngstrand .....Hylton Allen
Boletta .....Barbara Hall	Ballested .....Edward Emery
Hilda .....Renee Kelly	A Stranger.....Sheldon Lewis

The Drama Players put forward a clumsy foot with Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea." Hedwig Reicher, as Ellida, was entirely capable, and her performance alone was interesting because it was sincere and seemed to be worked out on a consistent plan. As preposterous as is the character, and as exasperating as is her perversity in the circumstances that make up the action concerning her, there is a consistency in it all that makes her a substantial, although fantastic, character. The other characters, as played, are too parenthetical to be interesting. Mr. Donald Robertson, as Dr. Wangel, gave some effective passages of acting, but the character is too passive to amount to anything. We had as well put the acting out of consideration, for any acting in this play is hopeless. The play will never get a foothold on the English stage. In the reading it has a fascination perhaps to the true Ibsenite, for he can discern in it the philosophy of the freedom of the will. That philosophy may mean something or nothing or anything. If applied to all the circumstances of life, it means anarchy. On the other hand, if you care to believe so, it means the redemption of the human race from its present social fetters. No one who sits through a performance of this play can deny that it is a bore. The conditions of the story, as they may be found here and there in the reading, are interesting and significant enough. Why, then, does the play fail in performance? We are inclined to believe that it is not well written. It takes dreary moments for us to discover anything definite about which the play may be. The play begins to be dramatic only on the appearance of the sailor to whom Ellida was betrothed in her girlhood, in having cast into the sea rings tied together. Physically, it now turns to old-fashioned melodrama. That there is a symbolical meaning there may be conceded, but it is impossible for anybody with common sense to figure out wherein Ellida's will has not always been free. The sailor to whom she was betrothed was a disreputable drunken murderer. Dr. Wangel, the husband, threatens him with arrest, and has it in his power to get rid of him, and yet Ellida persists in talking about the necessity of her will being free. Dr. Wangel releases his wife, and she suddenly discovers that she loves her husband, and that the power of the sailor over her is gone. Whatever the meaning of this fascination for her of this sailor, whether it be the love of worldly pleasure, or whether it means that content should be found in the life one must live and cannot be had in vain desires for the impossible, whatever the meaning may be, it is too symbolic and too remote from common sense to be of any use in a play. Ibsen's philosophy and intent may be valid in the written page, but in performance the play loses all effectiveness.

DALY'S. Mme. Simone in "The Whirlwind." Play in three acts by Henri Bernstein. English version by George Egerton. Produced on November 3 last with the following cast:

Baron Lebourg.....Emmett Corrigan	Monsieur Veillarde.....S Louden
Robert de Chaceroy.....Edwin Arden	Francois .....Percival Vivian
Henri Lebourg.....Charles Francis	Servant at Lebourg's.....G. E. Weller
Comte de Brechebel.....Wilfred Forster	Helene de Brechebel.....Mme. Simone
General Brial.....Ben Greet	Baronne Lebourg.....Louise Rial
Bragelin .....Sydney Herbert	Marquise Doullence...Helen Weathersby

"The Whirlwind," as a play, was reviewed in these columns at the time Mme. Olly appeared in it. Mr. Bernstein's meretrici-

White

Act I. Harry Clarke, Gertrude Vanderbilt and chorus singing: "We Will Go, Go All Aglow, to Gogo"

SCENE IN CHANNING POLLOCK'S AND RENNOLD WOLF'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "THE RED WIDOW," AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

Hall Edith Decker Emma Carus Gladys Moore

Act II. The Première Danseuse (Gladys Moore) dances at the Wave Crest

SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "THE WIFE HUNTERS," NOW AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

ous work has been disposed of by the American public. We will not have it or any part of it. The present version modifies some of the features of the story, but the belated precaution only emphasizes the undesirable nature of the play. In the version in which Mme. Simone chooses as the second vehicle for the display of her qualities before American audiences, Helène de Brechebel, the unsavory heroine of this unsavory piece, does not sell herself to her reprobate of a rich cousin in order to procure the large sum necessary to relieve her disreputable lover from ruin under a threatened criminal prosecution. Every other feature of the play is retained. The daughter of an ambitious and rich vulgarian, who is ready to sacrifice everything for social distinction and aristocratic connection, has married an aristocratic imbecile whom she cannot love. She has sacrificed herself to her father's ambitions. For three years she has held close relations with a well-born but dissolute gambler, who is untrustworthy in every position he holds, and now finds himself facing a criminal prosecution because he cannot replace six hundred thousand francs which he has gambled away. She tries to obtain the money by pawning her diamonds, but fails. The big scene in the play is in the second act, when she attempts to persuade her father to advance her the necessary sum without having to confess to him the purpose for which she needs it. He becomes suspicious, and in order to get at the truth he secures the facts and the name of her lover. A father need not be a vulgarian in being horrified at such a revelation. He naturally refuses to advance the sum. Of course, there is infinite variety and gradation and emotion and moments of intensity in this scene. It occupies nearly the whole of the second act. It is very fine in a purely technical sense. It offers opportunities for a very wide range of acting; but all acting in it, by whomever it may be done, is necessarily absolutely futile before American audiences.

Mme. Simone is a good actress, not a great one, but a very accomplished one, and in plays of the proper kind she would soon place herself in the very front rank on our stage. She has temperament. She has a vibrant voice, of no great fulness, but with musical notes and capable of expressing tenderness, deep emotion and a great variety of feeling. Her manners are those of the well-bred woman familiar with the usages of society. She has that quick intelligence without which real distinction cannot be gained. Her methods of expression are strongly marked with their French origin, but usually they are of the universal kind. She has great delicacy. She has no beauty, but she has charm. She is graceful. Her facial expression is facile and responsive. She has a distinct individuality of her own. In no great while, if she remains with us and appears in the range of plays suitable to her, she will undoubtedly become a great favorite. Mme. Simone is the very opposite of Bernhardt in her methods. She is never explosive and does not visibly work up to climaxes of physical force. She is not as quiet as Duse, and yet she plays with remarkable suppression and very effectively. She is thoroughly artistic, a trifle academic, but she is Simone always. If Mme. Simone mastered the English language for the purpose of her professional visit to America, she is a wonder. There is in her speech not a trace of foreign accent or ignorance of the value of a single syllable. For this alone she should be welcomed to our stage as a most remarkable woman. Not within memory of living man, perhaps, has a foreign actress come to us with all the seeming in her speech of being one of us. Her career in America depends entirely upon a different choice of plays.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE. "THE MILLION." Farce in four acts from the French of Messrs. Ber and Guillemand. Produced October 23 with the following cast:

Ramon Andrade.....Eugene O'Brien	Flaherty .....Geo. Bates
Lorimer Walsh.....Taylor Holmes	Smith .....William J. Mahoney
Charles Burt.....John A. Butler	Tom Ryan.....Fred Osborn
Frederico Donatelli.....Paul Ker	Maurice .....John Needham
Frank Porter.....William Burress	Piano Player.....Bert Grant
McKorkel.....Robt. Webb Lawrence	Beatrice Lind.....Irene Fenwick
McGuinness .....Chas. McCarthy	Francesca Roversi.....Eulalie Jensen
Schultz .....Gustave Hartzheim	Pearl .....Kenyon Bishop
Flynn .....Fred Sears	Mother Sharin.....Jennie Wethersby

This amusing piece, which at moments develops into roaring farce, is one of the best laughter provokers that our stage has seen in many a day. If the French original contained situations considered too *risqué* for local consumption, they have been skilfully eliminated without detriment either to the fun or interest of the story. The play, as given here, is one succession of convulsive bursts of merriment from

(*Continued on page x*

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MME. EMMY DESTINN AS AIDA

THE OPERA

WITH the melodious, martial tread of Egypt's warriors, with the chanting of high priests and with the ecstatic crooning of lovers on the moonlit banks of the Nile—in other words, with Verdi's brilliant "Aïda"—the Metropolitan opera season of 1911-12 began. It was an ideal, although not a novel, choice for this occasion. The first night of the opera season is always one of brilliant social show—it is like a living illustration to a volume of "Who's Who in Society."

No architectural or decorative innovation greeted and rewarded the searching eyes of busy operatic first nighters. But a vast improvement in one detail was remarked upon, and met general approval, namely, the new programmes. Bound in a cover of attractive neutral tint, its contents artistically displayed and well arranged, the Metropolitan programme, for the first time, proved to be more than a catalogue of singers and a record of opera—it became a souvenir of the evening. And the fair sex had still another hymn of praise to sing, for the printer's ink remained where it was intended, and did not smudge white gloves.

There were two features of more than usual interest in the performance itself in that it marked the American début of Margarete Matzenauer, a new contralto, Hungarian by birth and German by reputation, who, on this occasion, filled the rôle of Amneris. The other item of significance was that it was the first time since last February that Enrico Caruso has sung here after his recovery from last winter's dire attack of grippe.

The performance of "Aïda" gave the season an artistic impetus that is going to carry it far, and in the same breath let it be conceded that it also set a pace that will be difficult to live up to. It was practically an ideal performance.

Of course, everybody was agog to hear Caruso; interest was chiefly centred on him, for he has been out of the Metropolitan casts since last February, when an attack of grippe played havoc with his voice. All that is now a thing of the past, for as Radames he sang with as heavenly a voice as he has poured out at and over his listeners for many a year. Here again was that wealth of golden tone, shored by a masculine quality all too often absent in tenors. His "Celeste Aïda" was a trifle nervous at first, but he soon regained composure, and by the end of the aria his high notes were ringing out with all former brilliancy. And during the entire evening he proved that all fears for his health and voice were groundless.

He shared interest with the newcomer, Margarete Matzenauer, who, although Hungarian, has won her fame chiefly in Germany. She possesses a remarkable contralto voice, unusually even in quality from top to bottom, and she is a temperamental, dramatic singer, who also has the artistic gift of singing *piano* passages with amazing beauty of tone and clear enunciation. Her Amneris was really a triumph for a new singer.

As Aïda, Emmy Destinn was simply in superb voice. Never has she sung better here than in this performance, and Amato covered himself with vocal and histrionic

honors in the rôle of Amonasro. Mr. William Hinshaw sang the King excellently, and Mr. Didur as High Priest was very good. Mr. Toscanini simply outdid himself in holding together his forces, and he made absolute slaves of them all, for they followed his every artistic whim conscientiously. Chorus sang admirably, orchestra played well, and even the ballet was acceptable. In other words, it was the kind of an "Aïda" performance that is worth going miles to hear and worth remembering for years.

The opera season's first novelty came in the first week, a commendable bit of artistic activity on the part of the management, when Ludwig Thuille's "Lobetanz" had its first performance in America on November 18th. As a matter of record the full cast is given herewith:

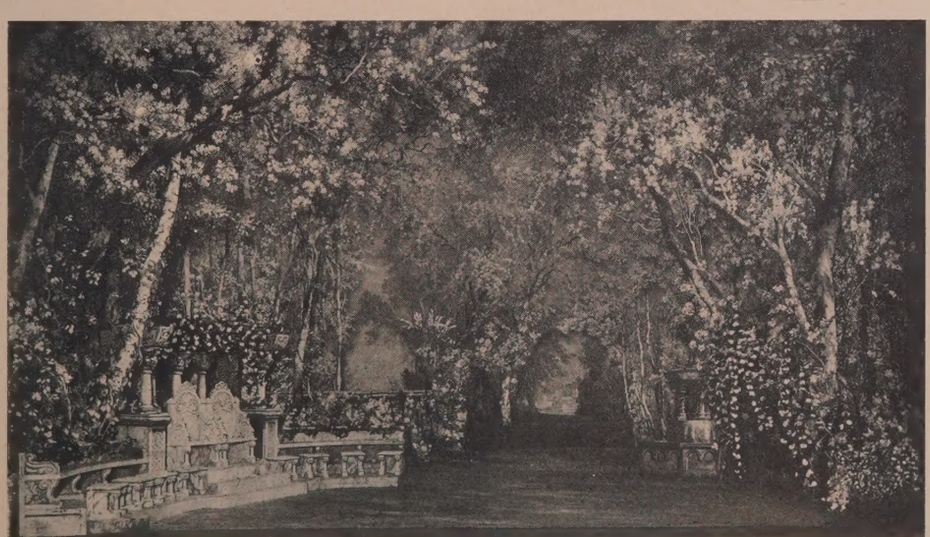
Lobetanz, Hermann Jadlowker; The Princess, Johanna Gadski; The King, William Hinshaw; First Dark Girl, Lenora Sparkes; First Fair Girl, Anna Case; The Forester, Basil Ruysdael; The Hangman, Oscar Sannee; The Judge, Herbert Witherspoon; First Prisoner, Basil Ruysdael; Second Prisoner, Julius Bayer; Third Prisoner, Paolo Ananian; An Old Prisoner, Stefen Buckreus; A Youth, Lambert Murphy; Girls, Halberdiers, Musicians, Prisoners, Two Heralds.

MME. MARGARETE MATZENAUER
Distinguished Hungarian contralto who recently made her début at the Metropolitan

The work has rather a curious history, as it was first written with spoken dialogue, and enjoyed quite a success in various German opera houses. Then it died, save for occasional revivals, but now it is flashed upon the opera-loving public as a complete novelty. Its original form is much improved, since the composer's son-in-law, Curvoisier, composed the recitatives, giving it the necessary musical dignity for grand opera.

Even a single hearing of "Lobetanz" raises the query: Why was this work ever neglected? It is charged to its length with poetic ideas, is alive in action and abounds in contrasts. The libretto is by Otto Julius Bierbaum, a well-known German dramatist, and he tells an appealing tale of a strolling player who falls in love with a languishing princess. The spell of love he casts over her, and which she reciprocates, is misinterpreted as a spell of magic. The wandering minstrel is imprisoned and is sentenced to death. Meanwhile the princess lies unconscious. At the gibbet he pleads for a last word, draws a bow across the strings of his violin and sings a song of love and springtime. The princess hears and comes to life. Her father, the king, welcomes the minstrel as son-in-law, the music bursts forth into a brilliant and merry waltz, gloom vanishes, and everybody — including jailers and hangmen—dances.

Thuille has caught the spirit of this tale wonderfully. The first act, the king's garden, all a-bloom and inhabited by merry making, light-hearted girls, is marvelously beautiful in its delicate musical atmosphere. Then is sounded the pompous note upon the arrival of royalty, followed by a sarcastic touch, cleverly expressed, when the minstrels all sing to cheer the languishing princess. Finally comes the incident of love that springs up between Lobetanz — the name of the strolling player, which has been translated as Merrydance—and the princess. The second act is all love and the forest, as the two lovers sit up on a high platform among the tree branches and sing of their ecstasy. This is interrupted by the brutal dramatic note, as Lobetanz is discovered by the king and his huntsmen, and is arrested. The beginning of the last act is the prison scene, dismal gloom and squalor, succeeded by the ironic song of death. Then comes the gibbet scene, the arrival of the condemned Lobetanz, the bringing on of the princess on a bier. Here the hardened opera-goer sniffs the usual dire grand opera ending. But when Lobetanz plays and sings, and brings the princess to life, and sets everybody a-dancing his waltz melody, then all the world changes hue, and the pretty music wins the day.



SCENE IN ACT I OF LUDWIG THUILLE'S OPERA, "LOBETANZ"

There is no gainsaying the fact that Thuille knew his Wagner, his "Tristan," "Siegfried" and "Parsifal." But no matter, since he knew them to advantage,

Mishkin
THEODORA ORRIDGE
New English mezzo-soprano at the Metropolitan

and used them with the cunning of an excellent musician. The work is beautifully orchestrated, the singing voices are most gratefully treated, and the employment of climaxes is well and artistically planned.

And the Metropolitan production is simply wonderful for its beauty. The first act setting is one of the prettiest ever seen on a grand opera stage; the second act, the forest scene, is simply presented, and the final act, with its two scenes, afford fine artistic contrast.

Mishkin
HEINRICH HENSEL
Tenor at the Metropolitan

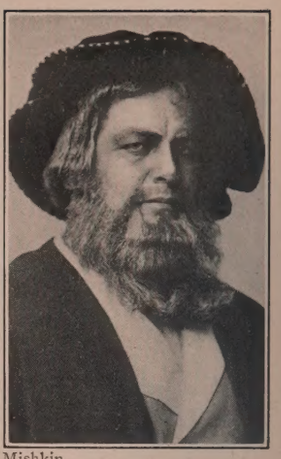
Jadlowker, as the strolling player Lobetanz, has the best rôle that ever has fallen to his lot here, and he sings it exquisitely. Gadski, as the Princess, lends her lovely voice sympathetically to this grateful rôle. Mr. Hinshaw as the King is acceptable, and the rôles of two of the girls are charmingly sung by Anna Case and Leonora Sparkes. Witherspoon and Ruysdael fill smaller parts well, and Lambert Murphy, a newcomer, sang a small tenor song with really fine artistic feeling.

A great deal of the credit goes to Alfred Hertz, who conducted the work with painstaking, artistic care, and brought to fullest hearing all the dramatic intensity of this music, and probably most of the poetic side.

The costumes are simply gorgeous, both in general scheme and detail. In fact, it looks as though "Lobetanz" would score a big success among the season's novelties.

Nor has opera consumed all the time of music lovers. On the contrary, the beginning of the season of concerts and recitals has been one of unusual interest.

First of all, there was the American début of Efrem Zimbalist, a Russian violinist who had won his spurs abroad. Yet the rumors of his prowess, that preceded Zimbalist's coming, were in no comparison to his greatness as an artist. He is an amazing violinist. He draws from his G string a tone that is almost the volume of a 'cello tone, and just as round and mellow. His intonation is like Cæsar's wife—beyond reproach, and his technical equipment is startling. All these virtues are carried unostentatiously by a lad of twenty-two, who seems to take life seriously, but who is as free of pose as if he were an insignificant mortal. On the concert platform he does not sway, nor does he throw his locks into the winds of public approval; in fact, he wears his hair closely cropped, and stands quite rigid while playing. Unlike some other young violinists who have visited these shores during the past few years, Zimbalist does not simply impress his hearers with his tremendous technical powers, but he displays a deeper insight into the works that come under his fingers and bow, an insight that reminds one of the more mature players, such as Fritz Kreisler, for instance. He chose to make his initial bow at the season's first Philharmonic concert, with the Glazounow Concerto, a writing that even at best sounds pretty empty. It has its pleasing moments, too, but is scarcely a composition that will live and thrive in the attention of the serious music-loving public. At a later recital Zimbalist played a varied program, containing a Bach number that really proclaimed him a great violinist.



Mishkin
HERMAN WEIL
New baritone at the Metropolitan

This selfsame Philharmonic concert also introduced a conductor new to America, Josef Stransky, a Bohemian by birth, but until recently active in Berlin. He came as successor to Gustav Mahler, late conductor of the Philharmonic Society, who died last spring. Stransky is not the master that Mahler was, nor has any over ambitious press agent tried to magnify his fame into anything resembling Mahler's renown. But Stransky is a young man, a good musician, earnest, and sure of himself. Whether or not it was a case of a new broom sweeping clean, Stransky at least made the Philharmonic Orchestra play in surprising precision and in subjugation to his wishes. Naturally he selected his concert "battle horses" for his first concert, so it remains for later appearances to prove his lasting worth. He conducted a performance of Liszt's "Tasso" that was stirring, and in the Wagner "Meistersinger" Prelude he built big and rousing climaxes. This side of the man, rather than a poetic trend, came to hearing at his début.

In contrast were the two concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Max Fiedler, who began his final season as leader of this famous orchestra. The sound of these strings, and the exquisite coloring of the orchestra's woodwind, always cause batallions of little thrills to go prancing up and down the spines of even the most hardened music critics. They played a novelty, "A Comedy Overture," by Max Reger, who, with Richard Strauss, disputes the position of most modern and ultra complex musicians in Germany, alive and composing to-day. "A Comedy Overture" is a clever, disappointing writing. Its themes are all brief; and while its mood is well sustained in the jubilant, humorous spirit, yet it lacks sweep and consistency. It is a fearfully difficult work, but the brave men from Boston Town played it as though it were a Haydn allegro. Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" was also wonderfully performed and so, at the second concert, was Debussy's exotic "Afternoon of a Faun" exquisitely given. Schumann-Heink was the soloist, and she was in remarkably good voice, excelling in dramatic numbers.

There have been recitals galore. Gadski gave a big song recital at Carnegie Hall, her first appearance here after a serious operation last summer, and she sounded vocally rejuvenated and looked more fit than ever. Alma Gluck, a young soprano, ventured a Metropolitan Opera most interesting recital, with a programme that was miles removed from the hackneyed. She sang with a most beautiful, light, floating voice and earned for herself a position of serious consideration in the esteem of all enthusiastic recital devotees.

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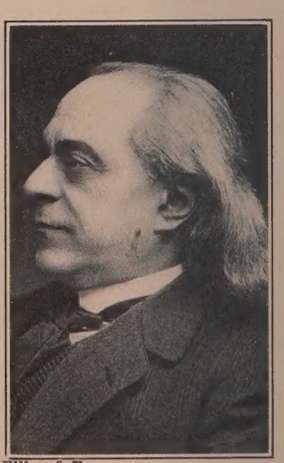
EFREM ZIMBALIST
Russian violinist

JOSEF STRANSKY
Conductor of the Philharmonic



Elliott & Fry
VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN
Pianist

THREE DIFFERENT VIEWS OF MARY GARDEN'S IMPERSONATION OF CARMEN RECENTLY SEEN AT THE PHILADELPHIA OPERA HOUSE

Mary Garden Triumphs as Carmen

THERE was once a woman who declined to admire the interior of the Vatican. Asked why, she said that "to her, it lacked the touch of a woman's hand."

She had the modern spirit, that lady. We are all critics, professional or not, and we all analyze everything, from the arrangements of the Vatican to an operatic performance. But once in a while, one finds a piece of work which is so big, so strong, so subtly-planned, and withal dashed at with such vigor and earnestness that it is carried clear past caviling, on to greatness. Such was Mary Garden's work at her first performance of "Carmen" and it left the majority of her audience too breathless for criticism. Once more, she and her fellow-artist,—for Mr. Dalmores' Don José is equally remarkable in its way,—have given us a picture worthy to hang in the Salon Carré of operatic achievements.

There have been many Carmens, from Galli-Marié to Marguerite Sylva, with Calvé touching the high-water mark; and they have been represented in every variety of way, from the almost harmless coquette to the Andalusian animal, pure and simple. Always the part has presented those difficulties which make the joy of the real artist, and many singers have passed those outposts, so to speak, far enough to give an excellent surface rendering, while yet quite missing any deeper meaning.

Miss Garden has cheerfully defied tradition where she wished, and accepted it where it pleased her. Every detail of her Carmen has been studied out; not a minute is wasted; not a look left to chance—the result being the cleverest, most subtly-done Carmen that has ever been presented. It is quite possible it may have been sung better; it may have been made more "pretty,"—but it has never represented more brains; and never has the abandon the part calls for been held in with better taste.

It is a study of the primitive woman. Without law save of love, her Carmen is without pity when that love fails her; she is vain to a degree, scruples exist for her only to be broken down; opposition but fires her longing to conquer. But—

> "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
> Are sisters under their skins——"

and so, being woman, she lives by her love, such as it is. Even when it is given to a soulless brute of a bull fighter, it has power to bring out the only virtue her life has left her,—truthfulness.

The woman primitive is not always a pretty picture, any more than the man is, and Miss Garden has given us no "Gibson-girl" sketch of Carmen. Rather, it is a Rembrandt—and it bites into the memory like one. Her Carmen is roughed in at times strongly, but she is not drawn as a vile woman, and there are even lovable touches. Hence the portrayal is absolutely free from revoltingness. The great artist who kept her Sapho and her Thaïs clear of offense has been equally successful here.

When Mary Garden first enters as Carmen, with half a dozen men crowding around her, she is simply a rollicking girl of the people. She bursts into the *Habanera* with a robustness of tone that becomes the part, though there are bits of beautiful shading. All the "Carmen" music, by the way, seems well adapted to Miss Garden's vocalism; her voice takes on well the deeper coloring, while its clarity of pitch remains undisturbed. The provocation of Don José, like the alluring of the officer, or the quarrel with the other cigarette-girl, all appear to rise naturally from a robust temperament. It is her nature to begin things. Where they end, she cares little. But a love-affair that has begun as an outbreak of mischief deepens into something much stronger. The *Seguidilla* song is given with more gayety of anticipation than passion, while the wonderfully graceful dance of luring in the next act impresses one more as an outbreak of sheer delight than as a deliberate desire to seduce. In fact, all the love-scenes with Don José are more womanly-tender than they are coldly seductive. Even her intense outbreak of rage against his hesitation, violent as it is, is very femininely done. Carmen is much less the Spanish virago as Miss Garden shows her here, than she is the unreasonable woman, arguing that scruples about her love mean a lack of love. The primitive woman apparently has "no use for" conscientiousness in the male, when it affects her relations with him.

It is sometimes suggested that Don José palls on the gypsy as much through his vacillation as through mere satiety. Miss Garden's interpretation certainly suggests contempt for a feeble character as well as personal loathing, and Mr. Dalmores' marvelous work gives her every

(*Continued on page viii*)

MRS. FISKE IN A NEW PLAY SATIRIZING MARRIAGE

MRS. FISKE IN LANGDON MITCHELL'S PLAY, "THE NEW MARRIAGE"

AT the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on October 30 last, Mrs. Fiske appeared for the first time in a comedy of conjugal discontent, entitled "The New Marriage." The author is Langdon Mitchell, who has already supplied this actress with two substantial successes, "Becky Sharp" and "The New York Idea."

The new play, being fecund of epigram, is provocative of definitions as pungent, if possible, as its own dialogue. So it may be set down as not so much a play as a catechism of matrimony. Mrs. Fiske's chief function throughout the action is putting the question: "How can people be happy though married?"

It may also be characterized as a revival of the lost art of conversation. Mr. Mitchell's characters do not talk, as that word is understood in this laconic age; they converse with lingual abandon and polysyllabic dexterity. They chatter like a group of acclaimed "conversationalists" in salon assembled, all bent upon displaying virtuosity. Each has his or her individual *panache* of wit, and is determined to let that white plume wave boldly amid the gusts of chatter. So much talk, and such clever talk, it would be safe to assert, has never been heard on the American stage, except in the plays of Bernard Shaw. It may be added, in making the comparison which Shaw's "Getting Married" renders inevitable, that Mr. Mitchell's dialogue seems more graceful and less self-consciously impertinent.

"The New Marriage" has no pretense at a thesis. Its spatter of minor ideas, expressed in epigram and ranging from the earnest to the ironic, has a slight tendency, however, to obscure that fact, and the seeker for intellectual pabulum who is thus deluded will often have occasion to demand, with knitted brows, what on earth Mr. Mitchell is driving at. But in essence the play is merely sport and banter—light satire with a farcical tendency. There is little advancement of the story from act to act. The central characters seem to remain *in statu quo*, eternally repeating the question: "We are married and unhappy. Why?"—and getting every possible kind of inconclusive answer. Mrs. Fiske, as the perturbed wife, conducts a cross-examination of many competent and incompetent witnesses on this subject. She pumps her husband, her mother, her best friend, the Japanese butler, the Italian maid, and the trained nurse. The points of view thus disclosed are always amusing and sometimes instructive; but they fail to solve this particular wife's particular problem. So she becomes more and more vexed, hysterical and anti-monogamous, until she stumbles over the answer by accident.

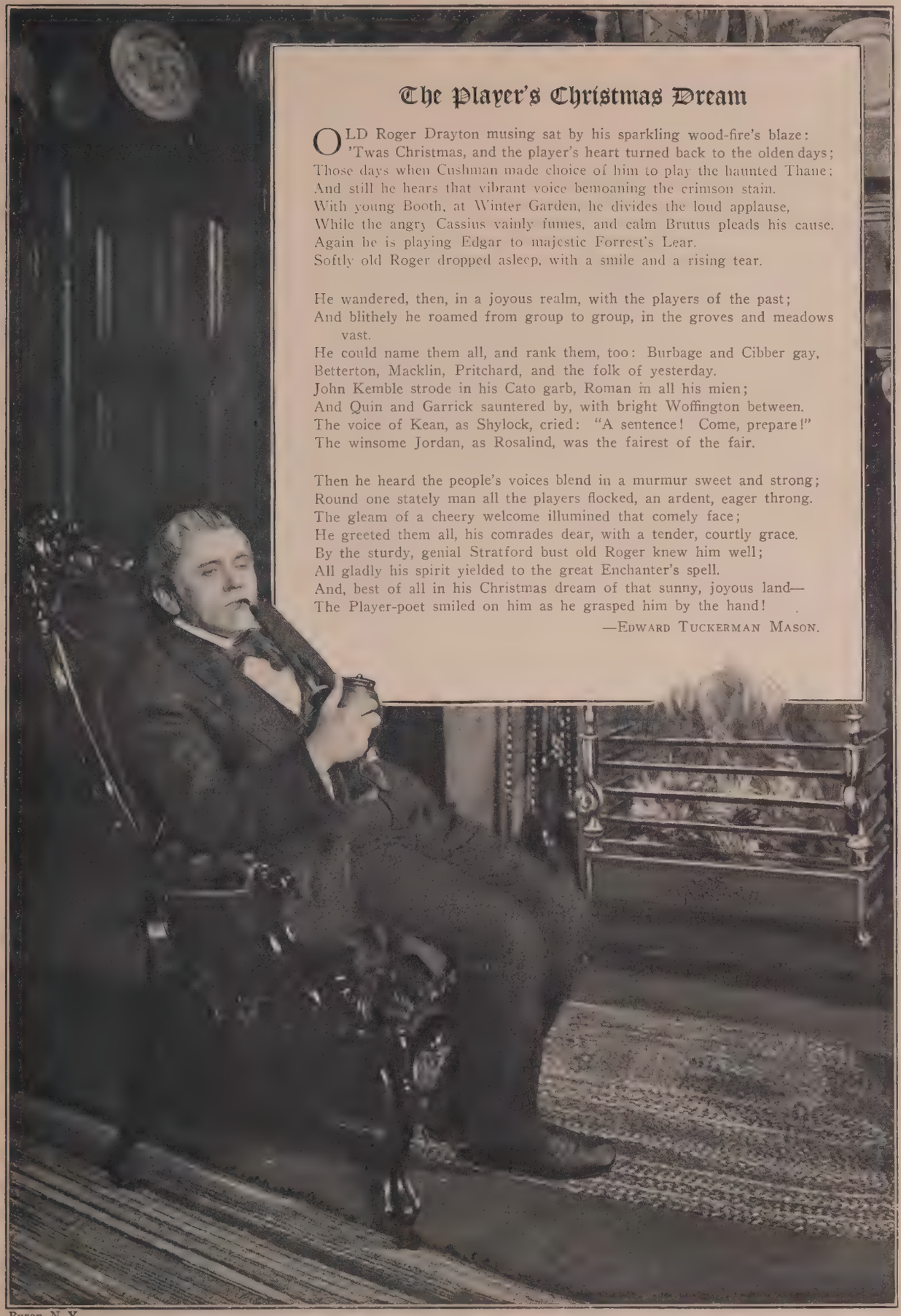
Wilmer and Agnes Bromley, a nearly middle-aged couple of average position in New York society, are getting on one another's nerves. The wife is high-strung; the husband is hypochrondriacal. They love one another—verbally; and they have children, in boarding school. The man is labelled "a scientific pachyderm browsing among hypotheses"; and, to distribute the blame fairly, despite the playwright's chivalry toward the stellar rôle, the woman is as annoying, whether in moods of caresses or complaints, as a highly intelligent gadfly. Wilmer is better fortified against the "dull, unceasing monogamy of daily existence"—one of Mr. Mitchell's best phrases—than Agnes. He has his work and his club, and a pretty trained nurse at home to coddle him. Agnes has merely the irritating round of social duties, so in their evenings together her husband's domestic apathy stirs her into alternate fits of kissing and nagging, neither of which are to his satisfaction. Their existence is complicated by a couple of "professional flirts"—Mr. and Mrs. Byethorne, the husband an amiable young philanderer who wants to console Mrs. Bromley, the wife a fascinating siren who is trying to entangle Mr. Bromley. The latter is beginning to yield to the fair Leona Byethorne's apparently platonic seductions, though his polygamous admiration also includes Miss Gunn, the trained nurse, and Agnes Bromley is well justified in her sarcasm, "There's a great deal of propinquity going on around here." So she resists the débonair Horace Byethorne's wooing with less and less resentment. "There's always another man in the case," she observes. "After a quarrel he always appears, like little toads after a rain."

This unrest in the Bromley household has a counterpart in the kitchen. The family servants, an ill-mannered pack, are involved in a triangular skirmish; the French chef has become embroiled with his Italian mate over the trespassing of the Japanese butler. Their quarrels are permitted to invade the drawing room, and thus add another taint of farce to Mr. Mitchell's high-comedy purpose.

At the end of the second act the affair between the Bromleys and the Byethornes reaches an amusing dilemma. After dinner, Wilmer and Agnes, failing to agree whether they shall have the incandescent lights or the parlor-lamp, sit glumly in the dark. They are joined by the voluptuous Leona, who borrows Mrs. Bromley's shawl because there is a draught, and then the wanton Horace, entering, finds the darkness apt for his purpose. He slips up behind the shoulders which are draped with Mrs. Bromley's shawl and presses an ardent kiss upon the lips which he believes are Mr. Bromley's private preserves, but which are really his own. The fair Leona yields to the caress, because of its amorous, not its husbandly quality, and coos dulcently: "Oh, Wilmer!" Then jealousy ceases to lurk behind the social conventions, and stalks out into the open from all four corners of the situation.

Then Mrs. Bromley elopes with

(*Continued on page xi*)



The Player's Christmas Dream

OLD Roger Drayton musing sat by his sparkling wood-fire's blaze:
'Twas Christmas, and the player's heart turned back to the olden days;
Those days when Cushman made choice of him to play the haunted Thane;
And still he hears that vibrant voice bemoaning the crimson stain.
With young Booth, at Winter Garden, he divides the loud applause,
While the angry Cassius vainly fumes, and calm Brutus pleads his cause.
Again he is playing Edgar to majestic Forrest's Lear.
Softly old Roger dropped asleep, with a smile and a rising tear.

He wandered, then, in a joyous realm, with the players of the past;
And blithely he roamed from group to group, in the groves and meadows vast.
He could name them all, and rank them, too: Burbage and Cibber gay,
Betterton, Macklin, Pritchard, and the folk of yesterday.
John Kemble strode in his Cato garb, Roman in all his mien;
And Quin and Garrick sauntered by, with bright Woffington between.
The voice of Kean, as Shylock, cried: "A sentence! Come, prepare!"
The winsome Jordan, as Rosalind, was the fairest of the fair.

Then he heard the people's voices blend in a murmur sweet and strong;
Round one stately man all the players flocked, an ardent, eager throng.
The gleam of a cheery welcome illumined that comely face;
He greeted them all, his comrades dear, with a tender, courtly grace.
By the sturdy, genial Stratford bust old Roger knew him well;
All gladly his spirit yielded to the great Enchanter's spell.
And, best of all in his Christmas dream of that sunny, joyous land—
The Player-poet smiled on him as he grasped him by the hand!

—EDWARD TUCKERMAN MASON.

Byron, N. Y.

DAVID WARFIELD IN DAVID BELASCO'S NEW PLAY, "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"

Mary Anderson---Yesterday and To-day

MARY ANDERSON, in the years that intervened between 1875 and 1889, was the loveliest of Parthenias, the most terrible of Meg Merriles, the most exquisite Perdita and Hermione, the most beautiful and statuesque Galatea of her time. Stored away in heads not yet white with the snows of age are memories of her Juliet, her Rosalind, her Lady Macbeth, her Bianca in "Fazio," her Julia in "The Hunchback," her Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," her Evadne, her Clarice in "Tragedy and Comedy." These recall also her Ion in the tragedy of that name, her Duchess of Torrenueva in "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," and her one appearance in "Othello" as Desdemona.

Emerging from Louisville, the step-daughter of a physician, Dr. Griffin, of the southwestern city, she made her début as Juliet. Following the advice of one of her stage sponsors, Charlotte Cushman,—John B. McCullough was the other,—she never played any but leading parts. This audacity, unparalleled in their memories, stirred fellow actors and critics to severe examination of her performances. But the fault they found with the crudeness of her art was overbalanced by their admiration of her goddess-like beauty. She came East, bringing her youth and beauty and devout earnestness, and won recognition as a figure unique on the American stage. She visited the Pacific Coast, and with their quicker impulses and warmer praise the Pacific Coasters acclaimed the young actress, "Our Mary." She paid a professional visit to England and, appearing first in "Ingomar," won the slow-pulsed British capital by her Parthenia. And when she had not quite rounded out her fourteenth year on the stage, when she was twenty-nine, and in the first blush of her fullest bloom, she amazed the theatre-going public by bidding it farewell. The last part she played was Hermione in "The Winter's Tale." That was in Washington in the spring of 1889. Her explanation was simple, though not at first comprehensible to her hundred thousand admirers, so near to and yet so far from the actress, her public. She had gone on the stage when she was sixteen and stage-struck. She was leaving it now at twenty-nine, weary of its hardships and clear-eyed as to its illusions. She had no plans for the future. She wanted rest and a quiet life. She did not know where she would find it, but God would help her. To those who knew how profoundly devout was this young woman's faith in Divinity, it was clear that this was a sufficient plan for Mary Anderson.

Thus passed from the American stage the most classically beautiful woman who ever trod its boards. Likewise was she the most phenomenally successful. Undesignedly, yet with the effect of a studied exit, she withdrew behind the falling curtain of her career. She retired in the freshness of her young womanhood, in the splendor of her imperial beauty, and while the bloom lay, delicately intact, upon her art. So much for Mary Anderson's yesterdays.

Late last month she returned to her native land, and gave us a glimpse of her to-day. She came as Robert Hichens' collaborator in his dramatization of his novel of the Sahara, "The Garden of Allah." She came, not as Mary Anderson, but as Mrs. Antonio de Navarro. A year after her retirement from the stage she had married a man of scholarly tastes, of comfortable fortune, and of the same faith as herself. He is one of the Cameira of Pope Pius, and in that capacity spends part of every year in Rome. The rest of the year they spend at their home in the village of Broadway in Worcestershire, England. The former Mary Anderson's Broadway is as far from London as is our highway of amusements, cutting New York diagonally in twain, from Philadelphia. Thus "Our Mary" explained the fact that she lived remote from interest in the stage. She seldom goes to a playhouse. For twenty-two years she has never walked upon a stage except when she read and sang twice for local charities in which she was deeply interested. The life of the country gentry in England has few points of contact with the stage, and for this reason is the more to the taste of the woman who prefers twilight to the turning on of the footlights, country silences to the chords of orchestral music, the stars in the wide spaces of a country sky to the flash of her own name in electric lights above a playhouse, the tender voices of her household at the late dinner to the "Fifteen minutes" cry of the call-boy.

Sarony

MARY ANDERSON AS PARTHENIA

Mrs. Antonio Navarro is an object lesson to the restless, seeking, striving mortals, who believe that there is no happiness below the heavenly plane. She will remain always in the present writer's memory a vivid figure of a wholly and permanently happy woman. At fifty-two she looks scarcely thirty-five.

The Mary Anderson of her brilliant yesterdays, the elder playgoers tell us, was a very tall, very shy, very regal and somewhat sad young person. The Mary Anderson of to-day is still a type. No one even remotely resembles her. She is still very tall, but her regalness has given way to graciousness. Her sadness has been succeeded by a warm, rich content, with flashes of girlish merriment. The shyness, in a measure, remains. Seeing her alone, there is a

MARY ANDERSON-NAVARRO AS SHE IS TO-DAY

From a photograph taken by Sarony during her recent visit to New York

hearth side cheer in her atmosphere. She talks as naturally and freely as a brook flows, or as that same hearth fire crackles. But when she is under a fire of collective observation, the shyness returns and envelopes her. The radiant woman of a moment before vanishes. Constraint extinguishes half the light of her personality.

The contrast was strikingly evident in a situation which I unwillingly shared. In the library of the Century Theatre we were talking of her Broadway and ours, of Mary Anderson, and the Mrs. Navarro who had succeeded her, of her husband, who she said was the real source of her happiness, for he was her mother, brother, comrade, lover, counselor; all that a woman can want from all humanity. We were talking of her children, and she was saying that she thought their boy, José, who was at college at Glastonbury, would become a diplomat, and that Marie Elena, she hoped, would be a happy woman in a home, when the door was flung open and there appeared a press agent heading a procession of seven newspaper folk, a woman and six men.

Mrs. Navarro went forward to greet them, and sat at the head of a long table while the newspaper representatives grouped about it. Courteously but persistently they fired volley after volley of questions at her. She answered the questions with swift intelligence, and with a smile. She parried gently the queries she did not wish to answer. Studying her from a dim end of the long, stately room, I saw that her features were tense, that she sat almost awkwardly, in a sidewise posture, leaning far back in her chair, then by an effort bringing herself back to soldierlike attention. She was in an agony of self-consciousness, a woman transformed from the chatty, handsome woman of five minutes before to a person in torment. At last she rose, and with a pleasant smile, said: "And now will you excuse me? I have an appointment."

She turned wide, startled eyes upon me as the small army retreated.

"You are the appointment. I didn't know they were coming. I was amazed," she said, "but I hope, though, I didn't show it," she added, with her quick, kindly sensitiveness and sympathy for the sensibilities of others.

"I don't think they knew," I answered. I don't think they did, for they were meeting her for the first time. They had had no vision of my comfortable companion of the interrupted chat. They thought her a gently reserved woman of exceeding dignity. The truth is, that the rattle of the musketry of publicity appals her. Alone, she is delightfully intimate. Under the gaze of a squad of reporters she flinches as a doomed soldier before his death volley.

This incident is the best illustration of the line of cleavage between Mary Anderson's yesterdays and to-days. She shrank from being on parade, and because of that shrinking, and her longing for the calm joys of the quiet life, she left the service.

"It was awful," she confessed to me, "to be looked at by a lot of people, picked to pieces by many of them. That thought obsessed me. It drove me from the stage. When, an ignorant young girl, I went upon the stage, I thought only of the joy of living in the atmosphere of, and embodying, the great characters created by great minds. But I found that was only a part, the beautiful part, of stage life. The other was the inescapable publicity. I felt that my life and person were being inspected, torn to pieces by strangers. At last I could not bear it. I left that life, and never for an instant have I been sorry. I have known what I did not know on the stage—happiness."

In 1904 Mr. James W. Morrissey, the well known manager, travelled all the way to Worcestershire to try to induce Mary Anderson to return to the stage. He took with him an invitation signed by many distinguished people. She was offered $100,000 and a sharing of the receipts, but the ambassador was unsuccessful. "Our Mary" was not to be shaken in her determination not again to enter into the rush and excitement of public life.

ADA PATTERSON.

Interpretation

Paderewski plays!
Sweet, clear, the echoes of a fairy horn
In silver tinkles on the air are borne,
Fantastic sprites dance nimbly on the green.
Light voices cry, *"Hail! Hail! Titania, Queen!"*
The lady-moon, full-orbed, smiles from above,
Midsummer reigns—the Carnival of Love!
Paderewski plays!

Paderewski plays!
Storm in the sky, low rumblings from afar,
Forked tongues of flame—the elements at war,—
The impetuous fall of mighty floods. Crash! Roar!
The beat of trampling surf upon the shore;
A heaving sea, ships stripped and tempest-tossed;
The boom of guns—a drowning cry, *"Lost! Lost!"*
Paderewski plays!

Paderewski plays!
Hark! clang of arms, the clash of steel on steel;
The knights in tourney meet for woe or weal.
Look! In the lists Sir Lancelot! Sir Gawaine!
The days of old romance are come again.
The lover wears his lady's colors. See
The fluttering ribands! Hear the minstrelsy!
Paderewski plays!

Paderewski plays!
A solemn, slow-recurring bell. Toll! Toll!
Midnight and mystery! *Passes a soul!*
A grief uncomforted—tears, bitter tears!
The weary drag of melancholy years.
Mould! Damp! A sunken grave! A crumbling stone!
Despair and doubt! *Is life forever flown?*
Paderewski plays!

Paderewski plays!
A hidden lark pours his ecstatic song!
Forgot, forgot earth's sorrow, shame and wrong.
God seems to split His heavens in two! in two!
And rare and radiant angels, not a few,
Pour on the spirit peace ineffable.
Heaven is no idle dream! All's well! All's well!
Paderewski plays!

SUSIE M. BEST.

Photos White

1. Mrs. Brainerd's "At Home." 2. Mr. Brainerd accuses his wife of infidelity. 3. Mrs. Brainerd admits her guilt. 4. Abandoned by her husband, Mrs. Brainerd finds her one steadfast friend in her only son. 5. Mr. Brainerd listens to his only son's arguments in defense of his mother

SCENES IN WINCHELL SMITH'S NEW PLAY "THE ONLY SON" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

White

PAVLOWA AND MORDKIN IN THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S TWO-ACT BALLET, "GISELLE"

Gala Season of the Russian Dancers

THE sylph-like Pavlowa, and Mordkin, the Muscovite Apollo, first brought out of Russia the sacred fire of ocular opera and glorified terpsichorean art that is now sweeping like a conflagration over the Western world. In New York, as in London, the ballet stars, with well-nigh unpronounceable names, vie with famous tenors in selling out the houses at a premium weeks in advance.

This extraordinary artistic conquest has been achieved within the short space of three seasons, yet long since it passed the bounds of a mere fad. The Russians have demonstrated that they have a new art to show us, and it is a kind of art that fits in wonderfully well with the æsthetic tastes and the luxury-loving disposition of our time.

Last year's tour of the Russians broke some records, financial and critical. Yet it was comparatively a mere curtain-raiser to what is now coming—in fact, is already here. Impresario Max Rabinoff, musical-choreographic czar of all the Russias, assures us that America has not yet seen real Russian dancing, such as makes balletomaniacs and dance "fans" out of the subscribers of Moscow's and St. Petersburg's opera houses.

Convinced that the "ocular opera"—not only as an adjunct to the other kind, but as an independent popular attraction in itself—has come to stay, this management, by the gracious dispensation of the Russian Government (mollified by the paying of some big fines for broken contracts on behalf of artists under Imperial engagement), and by special arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, has launched the American tour of the "All-Star Imperial Russian Ballet, accompanied by a full symphony orchestra under the direction of a well-known operatic conductor, Vittorio Podesti. Between now and next Easter it is expected that this tour will take the Russian luminaries to the principal centres of the Western Continent, from Canada to Central America, with a reasonably long season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York sandwiched in the middle.

LYDIA LOPOUKOWA AND ALEX VOLININE

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MLLE. GELTZER, THE SENSATION OF THE CORONATION SEASON IN LONDON

The personnel of this astounding aggregation includes, besides the already established favorites, such as Mordkin, Pavlowa and Lopoukowa, a group of world-famed stars, including Tamara Karsavina, Katrina Geltzer, Carlotta Zambelli, Julia Siedlowa, and Vera Koralli. In addition to these *"assolutas"* and *premières,* the supporting company is made up of a score or more couples of "character dancers," and a round-up of accomplished *coryphées,* whose names if set down here would be only a dreary waste of consonants, like the Russian steppes, but whose dancing is warranted to make the "tired business man" sit up in his $6 orchestra stall and take appreciative notice.

MIKAIL MORDKIN AND VERA KORALLI

Are Russia's opera houses, then, depopulated in the meantime? Not quite. It is indeed going to be a hard winter for ballet in Moscow and St. Petersburg, but the great stars are out getting roubles and advertising that will benefit the home stockholders in the long run; and in the meantime opportunity will be afforded for trying out the understudies and young Conservatory graduates. The wandering stars will not be all wandering simultaneously—they will oscillate between the continents, as it were, dividing their time between Europe and America, so that the ballet season at home may not be altogether famine-stricken. While it is not to be expected that all the stars named will be seen together at any one time on any stage, yet it is certain that New York, and all the cities visited on this side of the Atlantic, will be dazzled by a larger galaxy of them, and in more elaborate costumes and scenic setting than the European capitals are accustomed to.

Of the new stars, possibly the most widely celebrated is Tamara Karsavina, a wonderful dancer and a woman of great personal beauty. Holding supreme rank in the Imperial Ballet as *première danseuse assoluta,* she is said to wield tremendous political influence at the Russian Court. She will be seen here in all the dances in which she made a sensation in Paris and London.

Another famous dancer who will be seen here for the first time is Mlle. Geltzer, whose name indicates

White

MORDKIN AND PAVLOWA IN ACT TWO OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER'S BALLET "GISELLE"

Bert, Paris

MLLE TAMARA KARSAVINA, PREMIERE DANSEUSE ASSOLUTA

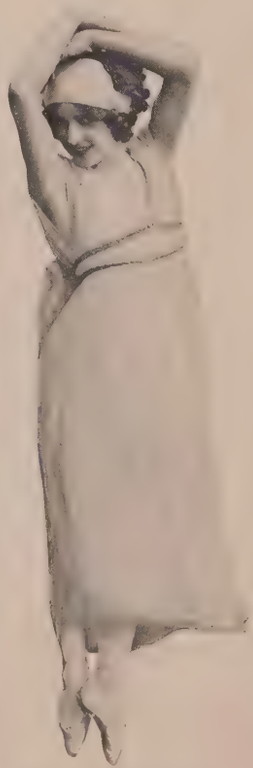
Photos Mishkin Stanislawa Kun

Sergei Moroseff

Stepania Paskovieskaia

German descent. She is Russian born and bred, and a graduate of the Imperial Mariensky Institute in St. Petersburg, where the members of the Czar's ballet receive their education. She is a sumptuous beauty with warm bronze tresses, and was the sensation of the season at Coronation time last summer in London, where in the "Dance Dream" ballet at the Alhambra she flashed into fame in a single night. She has often appeared with Mordkin in Moscow.

Carlotta Zambelli, well known as *première danseuse étoile* at the Paris Opera House, is Russian only by adoption, having been frequently "commanded" to the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera House as "guest artist," and as a consequence having absorbed much of the Russian tradition with which to supplement her own classical Italian art.



HELINA SCHMOLZ
(Character dancer)

Mlles. Siedlowa and Koralli have never heretofore appeared before English-speaking audiences, but both hold the rank of *prima ballerina assoluta*. Siedlowa replaced Pavlowa at the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera during the latter's recent absences. She is a specialist in solo character dances, such as the mazurka and the classic Russian and Circassian dances. She also created the stellar rôles in a number of recent grand ballets, already known throughout Europe, including the Tschaïkowski-Mordkin "Lac de Cygnes," "La Belle au Bois Dormant," "Le Corsaire," and also "La Forêt Enchantée."

Another rising star, whose grace and skill New Yorkers have already applauded, is Lydia Lopoukowa, who at nineteen is recognized as an artist of the first rank. She was an infant prodigy at nine, and was graduated from the Mariensky in 1908, so that already she has a long start, and has danced not only in her native Russia, but also in Paris, London, Berlin and Brussels.

The principal male dancer, after the incomparable Mordkin, is Alexander Volinine, the choreographic director of the present organization. Like Mordkin, he is a P. D. C'que (*Premier Danseur Classique*) of the Russian Imperial organization, and enjoys a continental European reputation. He has the light, athletic build and mobile features of the typical hero of musical pantomime.

That is what the art of the Russian ballet is—musical pantomime, or mimodrame, latterly called ocular opera, which is opera in all its essentials, minus the words and singing. The repertoire of the splendidly equipped company is made up of two grand divisions—the divertissements, or separate and fragmentary short pieces, and the ballets proper, or full-length pieces calling for a full cast, supernumeraries and orchestra, in one or more complete acts.

Among the divertissements, timely prominence is naturally given to works of the class of

LYDIA LOPOUKOWA
(Première danseuse)

MLLE. PAVLOWA AND MIKAIL MORDKIN IN "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"

Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, and the more recent compositions of eminent Russian, Polish and French composers.

The grand *ballets d'action* comprise (in addition to such favorites of last season as Delibes' "Coppelia" from the "Tales of Hoffman," Theophile Gautier's two-act poem, "Giselle," and the composite "Legend of Azyiade" from the "Arabian Nights") at least four novelties of first-class importance, both musically and dramatically. There is the Tschaïkowski "Lake of Swans" in four acts, rearranged for present purposes by the masterful Mordkin. Then comes "The Russian Wedding," a gorgeously picturesque costume piece, full of national and racial significance, with characteristic music by Rimski-Korsakow, Rubinstein, Glazounow, and Glinka. Finally, we are to have Glazounow's descriptive musical poem, "The Seasons," from which was extracted the *entrainante* "Bacchanale," which Mordkin and Pavlowa gave so brilliantly last season.

Berger, Paris

MLLE. CARLOTTA ZAMBELLI
(Première danseuse étoile)

In all these productions, the interest is threefold —musical, dramatic, terpsichorean. Those who have seen the Russian artists know—and none else can possibly imagine—what a range and variety of technique is required for the vivid presentation of this "ocular opera" through terpsichorean pantomime alone. Not a line is spoken, not a word sung; only the graceful, eloquent and appealing movements and poses of the "dancers"—who in reality are skilled, intellectual actors and prodigious physical athletes as well—unfolds and illuminates the theme or story-plot. Yet it is clear as sunshine to all the world, for this is the universal language, the poetry of motion, the rhythmic action of the human form divine.

This art has come to be called Russian, because it has been fostered with peculiar zeal and concentration, and with a success in some ways unique, by the Czar's government in its most paternal spirit

The Imperial ballet nursery recruits its fledglings at from eight to ten years of age. The course of instruction is a long and rigid one, developing a physique of steel and a technique unapproached by any other dancers in the world. And this bodily perfection is developed harmoniously with a certain æsthetic culture and poetic feeling that is a part of the natural faculty of the chosen Russian ballet star. This standard is jealously guarded throughout the artist's career, which in Russia lasts officially only to the age of thirty-two years.

The enormous toil and fatigue involved in the daily régime of a Pavlowa, a Geltzer, or a Seidlowa, for example, when at home in Moscow, is inconceivable, unless watched in detail at close view.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the ballerina knocks at the door of the great ballet master, Enrico Tsceketti, for a two-hours' lesson, in which not a minute of time is wasted. This lesson is taken in ballet costume—the short skirt of gauze, and slippers which have to be sewn on the feet each time. After this lesson, practically the same ground has to be gone over at ensemble rehearsal in the theatre, with scarcely pause for a cup of tea and a sandwich in the interval. Tired almost to death, the dancer returns home for a brief rest, and then is ravenous for dinner, at which "everything goes"—caviare, herring, cabbage soup, and black bread, and maybe a wood-hen and a glass of champagne, if somebody is kind enough to extend invitation for a restaurant feast.

MLLE. IULIA SIEDLOWA, SPECIALIST IN SOLO CHARACTER DANCES

On the day of a big performance, the ballerina is probably peevish and excitable, taking only a cup of broth at 5 o'clock, and perhaps a little something solid just before going to the theatre. There it is necessary to do a course of limbering-up exercises before going on the stage. During the performance the only refreshment taken is a sip of cold water, maybe with a little mint in it. After all is over, the bath and midnight supper at home are almost heavenly. Sleep is blissful, too, but the star is up bright and early next morning with all the newspapers, devouring her notices. If they don't "roast" her, she is contented and thoughtful. If they positively praise, she is blithe as a bird, and sees the future through a rainbow mist of triumph.

The ballet dancer's most interesting time is when she is getting up a new rôle. Sometimes she studies it for six months or more, reading the libretto (for the ballet pantomimes are all written out as elaborately as the operas that are sung) attentively over and over, listening to and absorbing the music, taking advice from the masters, and trying out the same scene in a dozen different ways. This is about the only literary culture the terpsichorean artists get, unless they read up in vacation time. As the old proverb says, "Whoever has to work with the feet must forget that he has a head."

HENRY TYRRELL.

White

After an exciting and highly amusing chase all over town after a lost lottery ticket worth a million, the missing document is at last found in this saloon

SCENE IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE MILLION" AT THE THIRTY-NINTH STREET THEATRE

The Composer of "Lobetanz"

THE first novelty of the operatic season at the Metropolitan Opera House was Ludwig Thuille's "Lobetanz," sung at the first Saturday matinée on November 18. The occasion marked the first performance in America of this work.

Despite his French name, Ludwig Thuille is a German, born at Bozen November 30, 1861. He has behind him no long lineage of musicians, for his father was a merchant dealing in lumber, but found time in his leisure to practice music as an amateur. Ludwig was a prodigy in music, but unlike so many others that gave early promise, he amounted to something in later life. His first musical instruction came from his father, but when the latter died the lad was sent from home to a place in Upper Austria, called Kremsmünster, where he became chorister at a Benedictine Abbey. Here his education was continued, and when he was fifteen the boy returned to his native village and pursued his studies. By this time his talent for music entitled him to serious consideration, but his poverty precluded an expensive musical training. There came to his rescue the widow of one Naziller, late principal of the Innsbruck School of Music. She paid for his tuition, sending him to Munich, where he was enrolled at the School of Music, remaining at that institution two years. Here he came under the influence of the music of Wagner, Brahms and Liszt. But the greatest influence exerted upon him was the friendship of Alexander Ritter, a broad-minded musician, who also wielded influence over Richard Strauss, who was also a fellow student of Thuille. Ritter, an older man, and a member of the Meiningen Orchestra, then conducted by Hans von Bülow, guided young Thuille's musical tastes and aided him in his development. A year later, in 1883, Thuille accepted a position as professor at the Munich School of Music, and when professional duties brought Ritter to Munich the former friendship was deepened. Ritter guided Thuille's attention to the field of opera, and even composed the libretto for Thuille's first opera, "Theuerdank," which was produced at Munich in 1897. The music proved to be better than the libretto.

LUDWIG THUILLE

Composer of "Lobetanz," recently produced at the Metropolitan Opera House for the first time in America

In 1898 came "Lobetanz," poem by Otto Julius Bierbaum, first sung at Mannheim, but composed two years earlier than the date of its première. In 1901 a third Thuille opera saw the light of the opera stage, when "Gugeline," libretto also by Bierbaum, was brought out at Bremen. In addition he wrote vocal and instrumental compositions. He died in Munich February 5, 1907.

As a musician Thuille was admired for his refinement and cultivation; as a man he was beloved as a friend and respected as a teacher.

Sarony

ADELE ROWLAND AS ANTSCHI IN "THE KISS WALTZ" AT THE CASINO

Irving and I

AS I sat on the newly painted bench in City Hall Park and watched another lounger break a penny pretzel into small bits, which he scattered among a flock of eager, twittering sparrows, it struck me with a keen pang how much more fortunate than I were these wee, feathered chirpers, now reaping a meed of kindness, such as I would have been thankful for, indeed. I had just arrived from the West. My clothes still bore the tell-tale marks of my eventful journey—and these marks were not the imprints made by velvety Pullman cushions. In truth, the freight car which had hauled me to the city of my dreams had been filled with a consignment of potatoes packed in the coarsest of coarse bagging; on this knobby surface I had made my bed during the three horrible days of darkness, choking potato dust and bruising bumps. Lucky it was that I had provided myself with a loaf of bread and a bottle of water, else I should have arrived in New York all dead instead of half alive.

Well, anyway, here I was! I bathed myself in the bright April sunlight, drew deep breaths of the fresh, crisp air, and tried to imagine that some of those tall buildings before me, rearing up into the sky like huge exclamation points, belonged to famished, shivering me. What if my clothes *were* threadbare? What if bitterness of heart and hunger of stomach *were* fighting a futile battle against the indomitable armor of my spirit? I was here! here! *here!* In New York! ! Ever since I had reached man's estate, my fondest hopes had centered in this fabled and storied metropolis of the East, and I longed for the day when I might be enabled to tread its gilded pavements.

The man beside me had stopped feeding the sparrows. The birds, seeing that no more food was forthcoming, gave a chorus of peeps and flutters, and flew off. For some time I amused myself in viewing the pretty girls and prosperous men who streamed past. One of the latter threw away a folded newspaper. It struck me on the foot, and I picked it up. With almost feverish haste I opened the sheet and scanned the advertisements on the last page. "Isn't it exasperating?" I muttered, "only men with trades are wanted." In fact, column after column were filled with demands for artisans, bookkeepers, coachmen, designers, engineers, foremen, gilders—and so on down the alphabet. All the positions called for men skilled in special lines. Having never done anything other than farming, I should have cut a droll figure had I applied for something I knew nothing about.

I was about to close the newspaper in disgust, when my eye accidentally alighted on an "ad." It read: "Men wanted for the stage. No experience necessary. Apply before 11 A. M. to-day. Syrian Hall, 116 West ———th Street." Hope, my only companion, urged me to an immediate decision. I would make an application. Arising to my feet, I shook myself as if I would throw off the weakness that made my legs tremble so, and started out to find the address given. An hour's walk brought me to the place.

Syrian Hall turned out to be a two-storied building of red brick, with a beetling, cavernous entrance. Noisy trains thundered past on elevated tracks before the door; a variety of disagreeable smells from nearby Greek and Italian restaurants greeted the nostrils; men shabby as myself, though evidently better fed, stood about the door, eyeing newcomers with a curiosity as idle as they were.

Groping my way through the dark hallway, I ran full tilt into a man who was coming down a flight of stairs at my left. "Pardon me," I exclaimed, "can you tell me where ——"

"Right up at the head of these steps," returned the stranger, testily; and he hurried away before I could open my mouth to thank him.

Stumbling blindly forward I succeeded, with no little difficulty, in ascending a very rickety flight of stairs. I found the landing above crowded with a throng of men. All were eagerly pressing toward a doorway at the side of the hall where, in a sort of assembly room, a small, stout, red-faced man was gesticulating wildly, and shouting at the top of a wheezy voice: "Take it easy, gentlemen. There's lots of time coming. Please don't shove. Everybody has a chance!"

Before I knew where I was, I felt myself seized by a flank movement of some of the crowd, and pressed to the very front row of the struggling assemblage. The red-faced man put his two pudgy hands on my chest, and tried, with all the force at his command, to stop the influx of humanity, but to no avail. A flood of strange, English invective burst from his parted lips, as he was pushed, struggling with all his might, to the centre of the room, by the pressure of the applicants. For a moment he seemed to be at his wits' end. Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and whisked me behind him. Four or five others in the van of the press were likewise jerked unexpectedly out of the mass and literally thrown into the waiting positions.

The red-faced man beamed on the unlucky ones in front of him.

"Gentlemen," he bawled, getting redder with each word, "I've got all the men that I want. The rest of you will please file out with as little noise as possible."

A rumble of departing footsteps, some cat-calls, an imprecation or two from one of the disappointed, and the little red-faced man and the six of us were left alone in the empty hall.

Our employer carefully closed the door; then returned and faced us.

"Now listen," he began; "you are, all of you, engaged to take part in Sir Henry Irving's play, 'Robespierre,' which goes on to-night at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The job is only for this night, y'know, but if you suit, you're likely to be engaged for some of the other plays in Sir Henry's repertoire. Your pay will be fifty cents a performance." His small blue eyes swept me from head to foot. "You're certainly seedy, my lad; but I daresay you'll look different when you're dressed in the stage clothes of the French Terror period. Anyway, that peaked appearance of yours fits well with the idea of the condition of the lower class of French people at the time of the Revolution." He chuckled at his witticism. "What's your name?"

"David Garvice, sir," said I.

"Well, Dave, and the rest of you boys, follow me

OLIVE WYNDHAM NOW APPEARING IN "THE ONLY SON" AT THE GAI[illegible]

on the stage now while I put you through some of your paces."

Putting us through our paces proved to be a task of three hours' duration. The little red-faced man (his name is still unknown to me to this very day) showed himself to be a veritable engine in a brown suit. He drilled and re-drilled us, sometimes cajoling, sometimes praising, often cursing us, until we had attained perfection. His ruddy features reeked with perspiration, yet he bobbed around us with all the resilient activity of an India-rubber ball. As for myself, I felt as limp as a wet rag, and had difficulty in keeping my legs. The other young men seemed to enjoy the work.

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EMMY WEHLEN
Recently seen in the musical comedy "Marriage à la Carte"

The red-faced man now dismissed us, counseling us not to fail to be on hand at the theatre at 7 P. M. sharp. My companions went their different ways. I, having nowhere to go, decided to walk about the section of the city in which the theatre was situated, until the appointed time. In spite of my hunger and physical distress, in spite of the desperate position I was in —homeless and penniless in a place where I knew not a soul—I nevertheless felt a fierce joy and elation at the thought of the delightful prospect before me this evening. To see and hear, at close range, the greatest actor in the English-speaking world! Even in our small country home town we had often heard of the great English actor, Sir Henry Irving; and once when I had read, in a stray illustrated weekly, of one of his triumphs, I had wondered if I would be enabled to see him in the Great City when I eventually arrived there—some day. And now here I was—on Broadway, in a big metropolitan theatre! And I was to see Irving play, I was going to assist in one of his successes.

As this thought flashed across my mind, a warm glow of happiness suffused me from head to heels. I walked, or rather flew, along on wings of pure, undiluted joy. Empty stomach and leaden weariness were for the moment forgotten. Indeed, so possessed was I by the idea of my good fortune, that I strode over the next crossing without a look right or left, and narrowly escaped being run over by a speeding automobile. Only a hair's-breadth separated me from the grinding, snorting machine, as it shot past.

Promptly at the time mentioned by the red-faced man, I greeted him at the stage-door of the Knickerbocker Theatre. He directed me along a passageway, down three or four steps, then through another hall to an open door, whence issued a babel of excited voices.

It was a wide, low-ceilinged room that I entered. Before me, and at the sides of the place, were three long tables, filled with all manner of vari-colored wearing apparel. Here and there, hurrying about the apartment, were a score of young men of my own age. All were in various stages of dressing in the flaring, gay-colored French costumes heaped upon the tables. Some of the men were fastening on wigs of gray over pates covered with shocks of brown hair; some had grease paint which they were smearing on their cheeks; eyebrows were being penciled, lips carmined, faces tinted. Everything in the room was bustle and animation, and presented what to me was an astonishingly novel scene.

White

JOHN KELLARD AS ŒDIPUS

A shirt-sleeved man, with a pendulous lower lip and a wicked eye, was blustering about directing operations. When his glance fell on me, he grasped my arm with a suddenness that caused my opened mouth to close with a snap.

"Say, super!" he bellowed, making a pass for my coat-collar; "get a hustle on, will yer? Whatjer standing there for? Here, get into these!"

As he spoke he threw me a bundle of clothing, a three-cornered hat glinting with gold lace, and a sword in a fancy chased sheath.

Almost before I knew it I was arrayed in full attire of the French Revolution of 1789—blue knickerbockers, coat of the same shade faced in white at the lapels, gilt buttons, striped vest, white stockings, and low shoes with brass buckles. Under the testy supervision of the man with the pendulous lip, I buckled the sword at my side, tinted my face and hands to a rich brown shade by rubbing them with thin colored papers, and pulled a hay-hued wig over my burning ears. Then I pencilled my eyes. This done, I carefully placed the three-cornered hat on my head; then hurried to a huge mirror at the side of the room. As I surveyed my full figure in the glass, an involuntary cry of amazement escaped me. My, what a gorgeous transformation! Well, what would the folks at Hiram's Corners say if they saw me now, tricked out in this resplendent raiment? I looked, for all the world, like a fierce buccaneer about to issue forth on a piratical sally—no one would ever take this picturesque figure to be the forlorn park loafer of the same morning. I laughed joyously, and the sparkling reflection in the glass joined in with a right good will. Even gnawing pangs of hunger could not obscure the fact that I was having a glorious day: at the thought I tingled and glowed as though I had just feasted on the foods of the gods.

At this moment I glanced around the room, and gave a guilty start when I observed that the eyes of several groups of the assembled company were upon me; some, indeed, were watching me with ill-suppressed amusement. When they saw me look in their direction, they grinned, chuckled, snickered, then guffawed in an explosive chorus. Not to be outdone—for I felt that their mirth was justified—I likewise joined in the general laugh at my own expense, and thereby, it seemed to me, reaped the reward of their good opinion; for a little while later I was taken in hand by sundry of the savage Revolutionists in flaunting tricolor and cockade, who banged me on the back and yelled in pure New Yorkese that I

was "all right, all right!"

The tumult and activity were indescribable. Everyone seemed to be doing his level best to make a noise, although the best of humor prevailed; swords were clanging; someone was beating a snare drum—yells resounded. Above the din I heard the voice of the red-faced man. Almost immediately I discovered his portly form in the far end of the room, where he was hastily slipping into a white velvet suit with gold buttons. He saw me and beckoned. I rushed over to him, followed by others, whom he had also signaled. Somewhere a huge iron-tongued bell began to clang. The red-faced man pulled himself upon a chair that creaked under his weight, and, waving his arms, hurriedly addressed the variegated horde that surrounded him:

"Now, every man-jack of you, *remember!* when you're on the stage, don't keep still — do you hear? The first act is the Fête of the Supreme Being. At first you are to mingle in the crowd that is to await Robespierre. Everybody is supposed to be wild to see this crafty, dangerous man. If you don't keep moving in great excitement, the audience'll think you are a lot of sticks. Act like real, live people. Up on the stage with all of you—now!"

MIGNON NEVADA

Mignon Nevada, who made her début in grand opera last season in Lisbon, and who may be heard in New York this winter, is the only daughter of Emma Nevada. This young prima donna has the same small, exquisitely trained voice as her mother, and she has also decided gifts as an actress. She has been in training for her operatic career ever since she was five years of age, for at that time she commenced to warble her mother's rôles and to imitate all her stage mannerisms. At the age of seven she knew her mother's entire repertoire. Her mother used to stand her on the piano and let her sing and act for her friends. The accomplished performance of the child always caused a sensation

With a whoop and a yell we dashed madly in the direction indicated by his outstretched forefinger. In less time than it takes to tell it, we had wended our way through a labyrinth of side scenes, bumping our heads and tripping over our swords in the darkened, narrow spaces behind the stage. All at once a blinding glare of light struck my eyes. I heard a band playing the *Marseillaise;* an overpowering gust of rich perfume was wafted to my nostrils; a confused murmur of laughter and voices raised in song reached my ears. Little by little, my eyes became accustomed to the dazzling blaze enveloping me, and I discerned that, instead of having reached the stage, I had really entered what to my youthful, unsophisticated eyes seemed a section of Paradise. Before me stood a double row of the most beautiful young women that I had ever seen. They were attired in long Grecian-like garments of a snowy whiteness, and were bedecked with roses, violets, and other sweet-smelling flowers. My enraptured gaze noted the glitter and sparkle of coruscating jewels on shapely necks, the shimmer of rich satin and ribbons of delicate hue, and the shining beauty of luxuriant tresses crowned with myrtle, oak leaves, and olive branches. Flowers were everywhere; they swung overhead, entwined in streamers, and the air was heavy with their penetrating fragrance.

Laughter, brightness and vivacity appeared to be the keynote of the beauteous throng before me. The play was on; they were celebrating the Fête of the Supreme Being. Paris was bowing homage to the Goddess Reason—and Robespierre. A miniature parade was in progress. Floats typifying Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity swept across the stage amid the wild applause of the infatuated multitude assembled in honor of the Incorruptible. At last he came. The girls threw flowers in his path, the band blared a welcoming air, and the general public, consisting of ourselves, including the stage hands, roared a riotous acclaim that must have gladdened the heart of the red-faced man. Above the noise on the stage, and the thunderous plaudits on the other side of the footlights, I could make out the shouts of our indefatigable mentor, admonishing us to keep moving, and make as much racket as possible.

Sir Henry Irving was now making his entrance on the right side of the stage. As I stood well to the rear, I found it necessary to rise on my tiptoes in order to see the famous actor. He entered upon the scene, bowing right and left, with uplifted eyes. As he inclined his head, I observed that his was indeed a face where deep thought, kindly feeling, and every other noble attribute had left its indelible impress. A half-smile was playing about his lips; perhaps he took pleasure in the hearty applause with which the audience—of which I could see but a white space for the face and another for the shirt front—were overwhelming him. At this moment my glance happened to fall upon the red-faced man, and I was greatly struck by the air of reverence and admiration with which he was regarding the eminent figure in the gray wig, blue coat, white silk waistcoat, nankeen breeches, white stockings and brass-buckled shoes. Here, indeed, was the very

human reason for the energy and devotion displayed in Sir Henry Irving's cause, by his manager of "supers."

Meanwhile, the drama was progressing. At the extreme left of the stage, a small platform had been erected. Upon this the Incorruptible took his place, and began to read a reply to the sycophantic address of welcome by the Parisians. Then followed the attack on Robespierre, made by Olivier, the Chouan. Here we received another signal for concerted noise, and we certainly carried out instructions to the letter; for every one of us howled himself hoarse in vengeful cries against the assailant. After they had dragged him off, a beat of drums was heard, and all the supernumeraries, including myself, fell in line to march past the stand in review. Out came our swords; these we held at "present" until we had passed Robespierre, and reached the seclusion of the wings. The girls and general populace fell in behind us; the orchestra thundered a stirring march, and the reception closed with a riotous, cheering ovation to the Incorruptible.

Matzene

MARGARET ILLINGTON

This clever young emotional actress is about to appear in New York in a new play by Charles Kenyon, entitled "Kindling"

The second act found all the supernumeraries, male and female, stationed behind the scenes, at the right side of the wings. We could hear, but not see, what was taking place on the stage. In this act, Clarisse (Miss Ellen Terry) enters the home of Robespierre, and reveals that Olivier, under sentence of death for his attack on the dictator, is really their son. She begs the agonized Incorruptible to save the condemned man, but the arch conspirator does not dare thwart the will of the bloodthirsty revolutionary mob. At a window the two watch the tumbrils pass. These are bearing the convicted to the guillotine: Robespierre and Clarisse scan the faces of the prisoners, searching for Olivier. The heart-rending cries of the pair, as they reached me off-stage, filled me with horror. Our part in the scene consisted in singing "Ca Ira" in an ascending scale; for we were the voice of the mob, which was following in the wake of the approaching tumbrils. If volume and variety went for anything, then we certainly were a howling success. In fact, our deafening strain must have sent tremors of fear down the spines of the timid in the audience. As usual, we were in charge of the red-faced man. There he stood in our van, swinging a large, white flag, as well as he could in the limited space between a stage tree and the whitewashed wall. The said flag served the purpose of disturbing the sound waves of the atmosphere, merging them into the confused clamor of the mob, which the scene called for. When the red-faced man wasn't coaching us in the delivery of the lilt, he filled the interim by screeching what I judged to be a companion piece to "Ca Ira"; it was a French melody, with a rapid succession of vocal fireworks peculiar to the Gallic tongue. Sung in a high-pitched, squeaky voice, with a dead-in-earnest mien, and an inflation of chest and cheeks that made one fear a possible explosion like that of the envious frog in the fable, was it strange that rippling smiles played about mouths shouting for the heads of the abhorred aristocrats? When the act came to its close, the red-faced man, wiping his wet forehead with a damp handkerchief, ordered us off stage. Therefore, back to the dressing-room we crowded, pell-mell, and were furnished with other wigs and uniforms in preparation for the final, and most momentous, act of the stirring drama.

"Now, m'lads, in this act you must——" Again we were treated to a characteristic discourse by our energetic director. Robespierre, he told us, between the puffs of a fat cigar, would meet his Waterloo in the subsequent scene; he would try to speak, but the first word out of his mouth was to be the signal for us to make an uproar, which should completely drown the voice of the Incorruptible. "And, whatever you do," continued the red-faced man, smiting the table before him with a clenched fist, "keep in motion. That's the secret of success where 'supers' are concerned. When they stand around like the figure 'I,' then the audience laughs, and it's all off with the show." Having ended his speech, he bustled about lending his aid wherever he could to hurry matters along: here, someone had difficulty in squeezing a 38 body into a 34 coat; there, somebody missed a shoe — these and other cases were smoothed over by our florid friend with urbane celerity. Presently, the call-bell rang, and we lost no time in proceeding upstairs.

On the stage a semi-circle of benches has been erected. They were a marvelous example of lightning stage carpentry, for they looked substantial enough to have taken days, instead of minutes, to build. On the left side of the stage, a sort of tribune or platform had been placed. Upon this Irving and the main actors of the piece had already taken their positions. Miss Terry, attired in eighteenth century costume, was chatting vivaciously with Sir Henry, who was listening gravely

(*Continued on page vi*)

Scenes in Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah" at the Century Theatre

White

ACT I. THE DANCING HALL IN CAIRO. ANDROVSKY GIVEN A GLIMPSE OF ORIENTAL PLEASURES

White Mary Mannering Lewis Waller Eben Plympton

ACT II. COUNT ANTEONI'S GARDEN. THE SAND DIVINER IS SILENCED

How Mary Garden Made Her Début in Opera

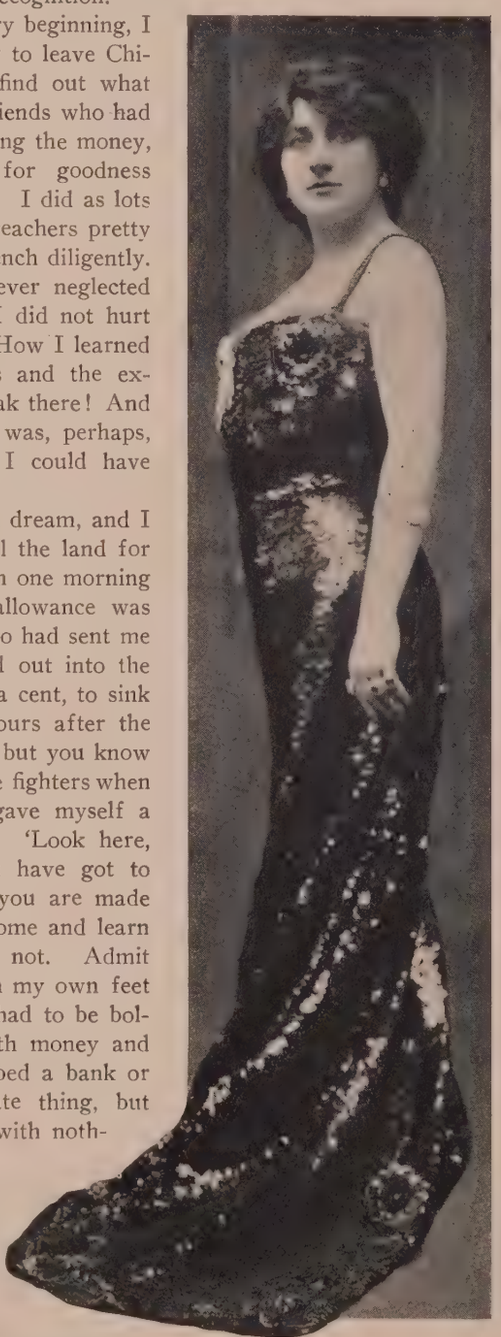
"OH! That wonderful night! Do you know, sometimes I have wakened out of a sound sleep just thinking of it, and have pinched myself to be sure that it was really I, that it all happened to me. The first time one ever steps on the stage and faces the audience in dead earnest is a thing one never forgets."

Mary Garden was speaking. It was one day at the Metropolitan Opera House. The writer had been honored by an invitation to come and see the now famous prima donna behind the scenes, and he found the singer, who was busy "making up" for the second act of "Thaïs," in a reminiscent mood. The woman who has said: "I like battles; they don't frighten me," told of her early struggles for recognition.

"To go back to the very beginning, I made up my mind in '97 to leave Chicago, go to Paris, and find out what there was in me, some friends who had confidence in me furnishing the money, which was necessary, for goodness knows I didn't have any. I did as lots of girls do, went to my teachers pretty regularly, and studied French diligently. Whatever happened I never neglected that, but in those days I did not hurt myself with overwork. How I learned to know and love Paris and the exquisite language they speak there! And as things turned out, it was, perhaps, the best kind of study I could have done.

"It was all a beautiful dream, and I the gayest butterfly in all the land for about two years, and then one morning the heavens fell. My allowance was stopped by the people who had sent me over, and I was dumped out into the streets of Paris without a cent, to sink or swim. For a few hours after the letter came I was dazed, but you know we red-headed Scotch are fighters when our blood is up, so I gave myself a good shaking, and said: 'Look here, Mary Garden, now you have got to show the kind of stuff you are made of.' Give up, go back home and learn dressmaking? I guess not. Admit that I could not stand on my own feet and make my way, but had to be bolstered up by friends with money and pull? I might have robbed a bank or done any other desperate thing, but sneak back to America with nothing accomplished—that I would not do.

"So I put on my hat and went to see my teacher of singing, my diction master, and the dear old man with whom I was studying dramatic action. I told them just what had happened, and asked them if they would 'stake' me for a few months until I could get something to do. Up to that time I must admit that I had not done very much for any of them, but somehow they felt that I could, and besides I suppose I looked so woebegone that they had not the heart to say 'no.' At all events each said he would see me through. That made me feel better, and I started out walking on the boulevard thinking, thinking—the hardest I had ever thought in my life—what I could do, and whether there really was anything in me. It was the late fall of '99, and I was just twenty-three years old. That was before the number came to have ominous significance, so it did not bother me, but were you ever turned adrift at that age in a city like Paris, and a girl into the bargain? Think! I assure you I did think, and the more I thought the less I knew about anything. Maybe the sky was not black and the street cold!



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MARY GARDEN AS SAPHO

"One day by chance I met in the street that glorious woman, Sybil Sanderson, whom I knew only slightly. There must have been something in my face in spite of my fighting Scotch blood, for she came right up to me and asked what was the matter. Her carriage was waiting nearby, so we got into it, and while we drove along I told her about the predicament I was in. She was then at the height of her fame, a magnificent woman, beautiful as a goddess, and with a heart as big and warm as the sun. As soon as I had told my story, she said: 'You will come right to my house and live with me.'

"Her home was one of the centres of the art life of Paris, and in a week's time I had met more interesting and important people than in all my two years before.

"One night M. Carré, then manager of the Opéra Comique, came to dinner, and after the coffee Sybil asked me to sing. I did it, badly enough I know, but possibly there was something about my way of doing things that interested him, so after we had had a little talk he offered me an engagement to sing Micaela in 'Carmen,' at the Comique. This was midwinter, and I was not to make my début until the following October, but I had got my toe in, and every drop of blood in me was ready to fight to hold on. This engagement gave me the privilege of an *entrée* to the theatre, not only to all the performances, but the rehearsals as well, and I went to the theatre every day. I missed no

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MARY GARDEN AS CARMEN

opportunity to learn something. There was nothing for me to do, nobody ever looked at me, but I could listen and watch; study how they did things, and wonder whether the chance would ever come to me, or if it did, what I could do.

"That winter they were rehearsing for Charpentier's 'Louise,' and one morning when I was there they began a stage rehearsal, which I heard for the first time. The overture was not half over before I was mad with enthusiasm for the music of the opera. I don't know what happened to me, but there was something in the tones of that music, as it first came to me, that set me on fire. I could hardly keep from screaming, it excited me so, and the moment the rehearsal was over I ran to a music store to buy a copy of the score. I carried it home, locked myself in my room, and simply devoured it. I did not want to eat or sleep, it seemed that I could not rest a moment until I knew every note of it, and, hard as the music is, I had it all in my head in a week. All day long I did nothing but sing that part, never even going to the rehearsals any more, until Miss Sanderson said I would drive her crazy, and had me moved into a room at the very back of the house, with four or five doors between.

MME. JOHANNA GADSKI

Distinguished dramatic soprano who appears again at the Metropolitan Opera House this Winter. Mme. Gadski will also give a number of recitals in New York and other cities, and will be heard with the Philharmonic

"What did I care? I had the music, I had found my part, and I was determined in my soul that sometime, somehow, I would sing Louise. I may have loafed before, but I worked now, and I had begun to thank my kind friends for turning me adrift, for it had opened me to myself.

"One afternoon Sybil and I were at home alone when there came a ring at the telephone, which she answered. I heard her say, 'Yes, she is here.' Then, 'No, of course she can't.' Something in me said that she was speaking of me, so I called out, 'Who is that?' 'It is M. Carré,' she answered. 'He wanted to know if that little girl who lived with me could sing Louise this evening, and I told him that of course you couldn't.' Instantly I was on fire. I ran to seize the receiver before she hung it up, and called out: 'Is this M. Carré?' 'Yes,' came the voice. 'Well, this is Miss Garden, and I *can* sing Louise.' 'Why, Mary!' cried Miss Sanderson, 'you are simply crazy. You have never studied the part, never been on the stage, never had any experience with an orchestra, and "Louise" is one of the hardest things ever written. You don't know what you are talking about.'

"'I don't care,' I retorted, doggedly, 'I do know the opera, and I can sing it this night if they will let me.'

"I was wild with excitement. It seemed to me that if Miss Sanderson made them think I could not do it. I would jump into the river. M. Carré had kept the receiver all the time; in fact, I suppose he could hear all we said, and at last he asked me if I knew what I was saying, and believed that I could do the part? I knew I could, so he told me to come to the theatre that night prepared to go on if they needed me.

"The opera had been produced only a few weeks previous with enormous success. The girl who sang Louise was particularly successful, but she had never been strong, and the strain of the production had been so severe that they were afraid she would break down. M. Carré said that there had been a tremendous sale of seats for that night, but he did not believe she would be able to finish the performance. If anything went wrong, he wanted to have somebody there, and I was the only one he could think of.

"I went down to the theatre, and they put me in a seat way over in the corner, where I squeezed myself into as small a bundle as possible. One minute I felt hot all over; then it seemed as though somebody had run an icicle down my back. The first act went off all right, but the wear began to show in the second act, and in the scene in the dressmaker's shop the poor girl looked every moment as though she were going to faint. During the intermission, when I saw old Vizentini's white head poking itself through a door, I knew that my time had come. Just for a second I wanted to run away, but he came forward, took me by the hand, and the next minute I was on the stage.

"Here there was an awful muss. Messager, the conductor, was for dismissing the audience. At first he would not listen to anything, said it was ridiculous to think of putting an absolutely untried girl into such a part, that he would not risk his reputation in any such fiasco, jammed his hat down on his head, and started off. M. Carré pleaded with him, and at last exercised his authority as director, said he knew I could do it, and if Messager would not conduct he would put somebody else in his place. He had courage. Messager fumed, Carré held his ground, while poor I stood there with my heart in my mouth waiting for the answer. Finally Messager shrugged his shoulders, and then everybody scurried away to find something I could wear. The other girl was a head shorter than I, so her gown was out of the question, but they found some kind of a rag, pinned me into it, and Messager went out into the orchestra shaking his head ominously.

"The third act opens with that tremendous *Song of Paris*. I took my place on the stage with my back to the curtain, while there stretched before me the picture of Paris painted as one sees it from the summit of Montmartre. I was to take the place of a great popular favorite, and I was on the stage for the first time in my life without a rehearsal of any kind. I heard the first notes of

the orchestra, then the lifting of the curtain, something seemed frozen within me; I gripped my hands over my heart, saying to myself: 'Mary Garden, if you can't do it now, you never can.' Then a great wave passed over me, and I turned to face them.

"Oh, that night! to have lived that is to have lived! All that was in my heart and soul I gave them, and before I realized it men and women were standing up cheering me. I hear those shouts again and again in my dreams, and wake all trembling with joy to think that it was really I. Since that night I have sung Louise more than three hundred times, and for ten years nobody but I ever sang it in Paris.

"My monthly salary was 250 francs ($50), but soon M. Carré raised that to 500 francs. Then, bit by bit, it crept up until I received the highest amount paid at the Comique, 10,000 francs a month. It has been a matter of pride to me that I, an American, should receive the highest fee of any artist in the famous Opèra Comique, but, as you can see, one does not make a fortune singing in France."

When you speak to Miss Garden at close range, and feel the power of her dominant personality, her absolute fearlessness, the supreme confidence of one conscious of unusual capacity, you understand how it was possible for her to work the miracle. People talk about the "God-given gift of voice," but, after all, it is the gift of brains and grit that makes the great artist.

Born in Scotland, raised in Chicago, reaching full maturity in France, Miss Garden has drawn strength from each of her foster mothers—the grip of the Scotchman on the great facts of life, irrevocable as death itself, the keenness of wit and adaptability of the American, and the logic, the intuitive appreciation of art of the Frenchman. Her utter fearlessness and logical mind have made her the most striking personality on the American stage. Her presentation of such characters as Salome and Louise has evoked the most extravagant praise and the bitterest denunciation, through which she sails serenely, faithful to her own conceptions of artistic truth, and apparently perfectly indifferent to the noise outside.

Last winter, when the production of "Salome" in Chicago had aroused a tremendous storm on the part of the public, the directors of the Chicago Opera Company met to decide whether to withdraw the opera or face it out. The whole question rested on Miss Garden's interpretation of the title rôle, and no matter how much they argued, it came back to that. Finally one of the directors said to Mr. Dippel:

"Couldn't you persuade Miss Garden to change her action a bit, soften it a little, so to speak, so as to remove some objection?"

The director shook his head. "You cannot say a word to Miss Garden about her art. She is quite capable of taking the Twentieth Century this afternoon and sailing for Europe to-morrow if she took the notion, but she would not alter so much as one ribbon for all anybody could say to her."

The prima donna cannot be driven, but no one could be easier to get along with, if handled diplomatically by the manager.

White

Harold H. Forde Kitty Gordon Hattie Arnold

Act II. Vivian (Kitty Gordon): "Is your Majesty taking my chateau by storm?"

SCENE IN VICTOR HERBERT'S NEW COMIC OPERA, "THE ENCHANTRESS," AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

One evening at the Auditorium Mr. Dippel came to her box to arrange the repertoire for the week after.

"Miss Garden," he said, "how do you wish the operas to come? You know we agreed to do 'Louise' and 'Thais;' then Friday you go to Milwaukee."

"It does not make any difference at all to me," she answered, "arrange it as suits the general plan."

"But could you sing Tuesday and Wednesday? That will make two nights running."

"Why, yes, why not? It won't tire me a bit."

"Which would you rather do first?"

"I don't care, only M. Renaud, I think, would rather sing 'Thaïs' on Wednesday, it will suit him a little better, but fix it up as you please, I don't care either way."

What could have been simpler? Mr. Dippel probably had made out his schedule just that way beforehand, though perhaps if he had told Miss Garden that she must sing certain operas on two successive nights there would have been a tremendous row. A package of dynamite must be handled gently.

The actual sum paid to operatic artists are secrets well

White

INA CLAIRE
As Prudence in "The Quaker Girl" at the Park Theatre

preserved, but last year Miss Garden's contract with the Chicago Opera Company called for some fifty performances at $1,400 a performance. This was actual money that banks would accept, not the kind of currency usually passed on the stage. Then there were some extra performances and a long tour to the Pacific coast at the close of the opera season, which netted her almost as much as the regular season. It is not possible to give complete figures, for managers do not show their books, but after paying living expenses, costumes, gowns, presents, and everything you can think of to make the money go, Miss Garden must have sailed away last spring to rest in France with more than $100,000 to show for her winter's work.

This year she returns with a contract even more favorable and containing one clause most unusual, giving her the control of the cast of the operas in which she sings. No artist can sing with her who is not acceptable to her. Last spring a distinguished artist wished to join the company to sing a certain rôle for which he thought himself especially well fitted. The composer happened to be in New York, as was Mr. Dippel, so the artist sang for them. They looked at one another as soon as he finished, and Mr. Dippel said: "Well, how is it with you? It is perfectly satisfactory to me." "Perfectly satisfactory to me also." "Then," said Mr. Dippel, "I will telegraph Miss Garden, and if it suits her we will consider the matter settled." So he telegraphed to her, and when her answer came, "Entirely satisfactory to me," the contract was signed. Only the favored ones of the earth ever sit in so comfortable a seat.

However lightly Miss Garden may at times speak of some of the study hours she wasted in her early youth, deeds carry more weight than words, and by her deeds she has shown herself a firm believer in the gospel of hard work. Every department of her art she has worked over and over again down to the most minute detail, and she has it all at her finger tips. Nothing that could have any possible bearing on the picture to the audience is too insignificant to escape her notice. The last act of "Thaïs" she makes a scene of exquisite beauty. As the curtain rises she is seen, garbed in the costume of the White Nuns, lying beneath a spreading tree, with the pallor of death on her cheeks. Her position is such that the audience sees her perfect profile, while from above and behind a soft, golden light is thrown upon her. One night the "spot-light man" carelessly turned on a brilliant white light, which she sensed immediately. Without moving a muscle of her face that was visible to the audience she hissed out of one corner of her mouth, "Tell that fool to soften the light, he is spoiling the picture." To the audience not the tremor of an eyelash, but up-stage that look at sight of which everybody had learned to jump.

Miss Garden, with her Scotch spirit of independence, has never said a word in explanation of any of her actions, letting her public life speak for her, and living at home exactly to suit herself. A few years ago every newspaper in the land had a front page story of the suit brought against her for money loaned for her education, but never a word could they get out of her. The story is too intimate for telling, but what Miss Garden said long after is so characteristic that it ought to be repeated.

"No! That I could not forgive. Two days later I met her in the lobby of the Manhattan Opera House. She came up to me, smiling, with her hand held out, but I could not see her. I looked straight through her at the wall, and then I knew I had done it. Next morning I received notice that suit had been entered against me for twenty thousand dollars, which was the original amount plus compound interest at six per cent. for the whole period, so that the interest itself amounted to the original sum, and I was advised that if the sum was not paid by twelve o'clock next day that matters would be pushed to the extremity."

"Again I had to stop to think it over. My first instinct was to fight. But I had actually received the money, had used it, owed it, and though the manner in which repayment was demanded was abrupt, still I owed the money. I went to my lawyer, and he would not hear of anything but

(Continued on page vii)

Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 1. Cleopatra

THE women of history, who have survived in the drama, are they who have loved violently. They range from queens to slaves, and long before Adrienne, of Paris, asked, "What is living without loving?" they were pondering this question, throwing themselves into the maelstrom of suffering, if only for love's sake. And most of them were sinners in the sight of man. As James Douglas once said, "Life is as immoral as art." The sinners of history have often outshone the saints. Most of the great actresses of the world have contended that audiences do not care to see the virtues of women represented on the stage, and as plays are written for women, it has been a natural thing for playwrights to search the pages of history for the inspiring tales of romance, passion and the tragedy associated with names that have been survived in the public mind chiefly by reason of their love affairs.

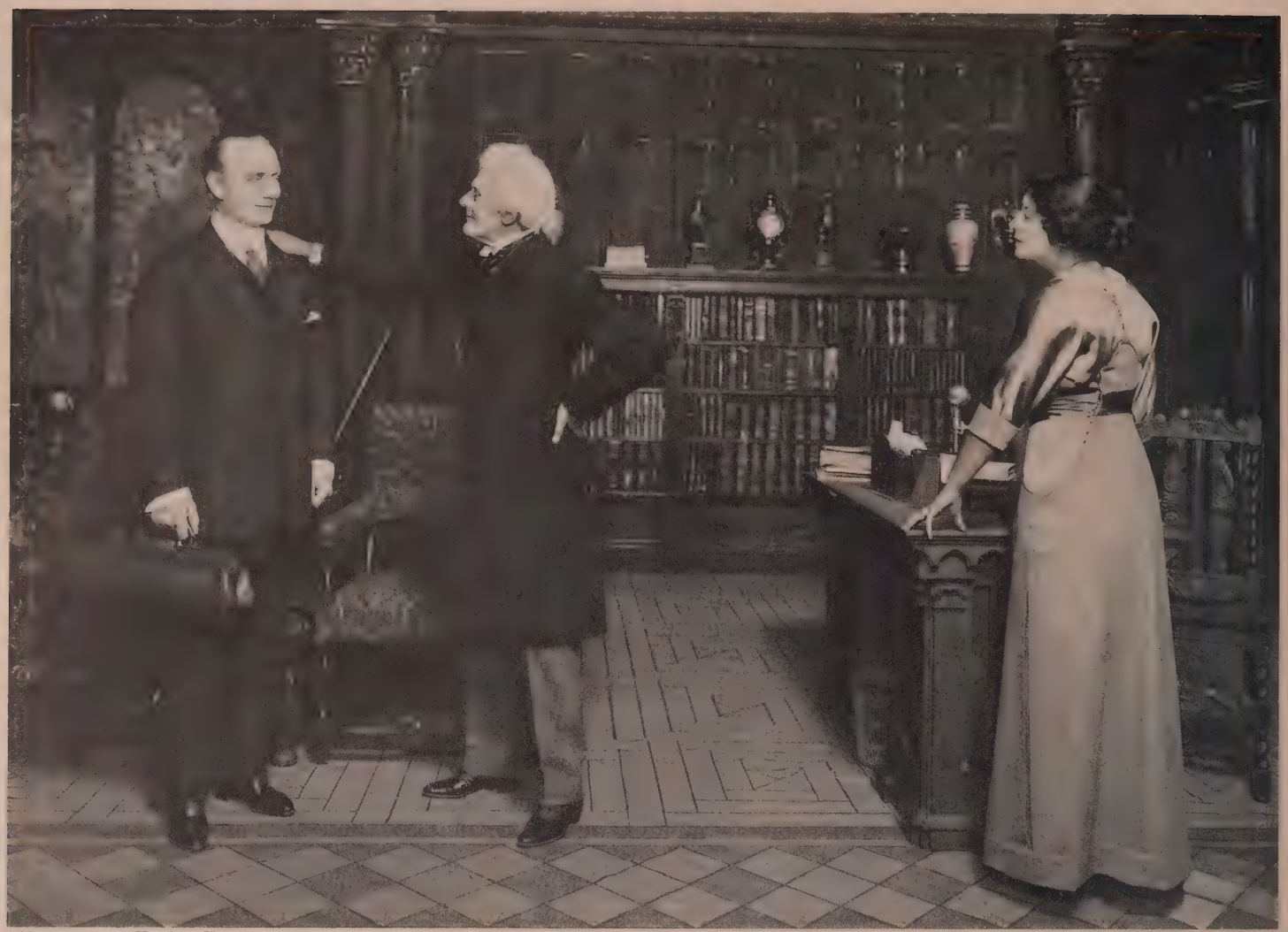
Photo Sarony

FANNY DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA

The world remembers a famous London actress, not so much because she caused the royal master to open his purse for the maintenance of hospitals and to perform the only noble deeds of his life, but on account of her love affair with the king. The world remembers Francesca, of Ravenna, not because she was cruelly deceived by her noble father, but because her love for the handsome Paolo caused their death. Pretty Peggy is remembered because of the romance attaching her name with Garrick's, rather than on account of her genius as an actress.

The world loves its lovers, and because they risked empires, ignominious defeat and death for their love, Antony of Rome, and Cleopatra of Egypt, have had a peculiar fascination for the sentimentalist of earth, and survive as the very symbol of romance, decked in purple finery, bathed in the perfume and mystery of the East, lounging at wonderful banquet-boards, dreaming to the soft strains of the lute, floating on golden barges in soft Egyptian moonlight, and finally, through an error, purely a human error, going down to death—the way of the flesh—by means of the sword and serpent. Little wonder that the life of Cleopatra has inspired artists, sculptors, composers, playwrights, and the rest of the world. There were in her life all the elements that appeal to the romantic leanings of men. A few years ago the distinguished historian Ferrero, created a commotion by declaring that Cleopatra was not the bronze-hued beauty represented by modern artists. He even ventured the opinion that she was not beautiful at all, and sought to destroy the sentimental halo associated with her name. But this was futile, and it was nothing new. Plutarch said that her actual beauty was far from being so remarkable that none could be compared to her, but he added that it was delightful to hear the music of her voice.

The world declined to accept this appraisal, just as it will decline to give more than passing heed to the words of Ferrero. Her name is a synonym for a kind of sensuous, Oriental beauty. Ferrero says she was stout, but the art works of the centuries contradict this libel. Ferrero says she may have had red hair and a brown complexion (sic!), but the world knows that she had long braids of hair, blue-black as the raven's wing. All other Egyptians of the olden day may have been dark, but the world knows that Cleopatra was not darker than a beautiful brunette. In this purple glow of romance, Cleopatra has been revived upon the stage ever since there were theatres in the world. No writer dared to tell the truth about her in drama until George Bernard Shaw wrote "Cæsar and Cleopatra," in which Gertrude Elliott represented nothing of the traditional serpent of old Nile, but physically, histrionically and historically realized the frolicsome maiden who, betrothed to her own brother, came to the throne of Egypt in her seventeenth year, and succeeded in fascinating Julius Cæsar. Antony did not arrive until Cleopatra was twenty-seven. They spent ten years together, and at the battle of Actium he gave up the world for her. Then, in fear of being carried off to Rome a captive, she accomplished death by her own hand—perhaps from the sting of an asp, from poisoned fruit, or a dagger thrust. The older dramatists began their plays where Shaw ended his rather frolicsome comedy. Shaw has seen the tragedy of life in living. Where Sardou delighted in killing his heroine with poisons, dagger and by drowning, Shaw, Ibsen, Bernstein and other moderns have pointed out that to live



White Harrison Hunter George W. Barnum Helen Ware

Act II. Prof. Damaroff (Geo. W. Barnum): "Say nothing, your happiness depends upon it"
SCENE IN GEORGE BROADHURST'S NEW PLAY, "THE PRICE," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

and suffer the penalties of sin is a greater tragedy than to die.

Sardou's "Cleopatra" was exactly what the people wanted, because she was the luxurious and sensuous beauty they have insisted upon accepting as the historical personage. Thus they found far greater pleasure in witnessing the spectacular glory in which Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport disported themselves than in the childish antics of Shaw's girl queen, as participated in by Gertrude Elliott.

Most of the early dramatists took Plutarch's colorful reference to Cleopatra as the inspiration for their work. This was notably true of Shakespeare, whose "Antony and Cleopatra" remains one of his greatest works, and one of the world's greatest tragedies. It has been performed by the most talented actors of each succeeding generation since it was written, the most notable among recent revivals having been made by Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. James Brown Potter, who made it their principal offering in a tour of the world; Sir Herbert Tree, who made a sumptuous revival in London, and Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern who, as guest stars, appeared in the rôles of the ancient lovers as the opening attraction of the New Theatre in New York.

Theophile Gautier wrote a thrilling and romantic episode in Cleopatra's life called "One of Cleopatra's Nights," which became the basis of the ballet, "Cleopatra," which has recently held the American stage as a vehicle for the Russian dancers. Cleopatra remains one of the most romantic figures of the stage to-day, as she was in the time of Sedley's old tragedy of "Anthony and Cleopatra," Dryden's "All for Love," and Samuel Daniels' "Cleopatra," first printed towards the close of the sixteenth century. Daniels' tragedy is a strange drama when viewed to-day, the principal events transpiring off stage, with a seemingly intentional effort to make it tedious and uninteresting. Even the death of Cleopatra is related to the audience by a messenger, which is quite remote from modern practices in which the heroine of the drama demands that she be in the centre of the stage at all climactic episodes, and exacts the privilege of appearing before the curtain afterwards.

"Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt: Her Tragedy," by Thomas May, is a similar workmanship, although it seems to have been more successful when acted in 1626, as its popularity continued for many years, and in 1639 it was published in London. An adaptation and dramatization of Rider Haggard's novel was produced in New York in 1891, having been preceded one year by the melodrama of Emile Moreau and Sardou, which perhaps manipulated the romantic machinery of fictional history to better advantage, from a theatrical viewpoint, than any of the attempts to depict the joys and sorrows of the most illustrious of historic women who survived in the world's theatre.

ARCHIE BELL.

To Anna Pavlowa

Betwixt the zephyrs of the golden noon
I've seen the foam-frail cherry blossoms sift,
The subtle wonder of a sea-gull's lift,
And whirling outposts of the swift typhoon,
Or, tossed to rhythms of the ocean's croon,
The spouted spray wreaths from the sea-crest's rift,
All in thy dance, the ebb and flux and drift
Of all the captive tides beneath the moon.

The mystic measures of the swinging seas,
The pulse of the moving heavens' power
Are thine inheritance and thy dower,
O incarnate Soul of the changeful Breeze,
Child of the wind's immortal ecstasies!

R. E. MARSHALL.

Wolf-Ferrari—A Composer of Dual Nationality

THE eyes of Wolf-Ferrari are those of a poet; his forehead shows strong intellectual development, but his face, for all its gentleness of contour, is full of enduring determination. A German-Italian ancestry combine to give him these contradictory traits. It has required patient waiting and a well developed sense of patience to bring him upward. Now his delayed aim has finally been reached, in one great stride, which this year places his operas on the boards of the Metropolitan in New York, the Auditorium in Chicago, Covent Garden in London, La Scala, Milan, and in Berlin. Of living composers Puccini has achieved no more.

ERMANNO WOLF-FERRARI

Twelve years ago his first opera, "Cinderella," a work of his youth, although it succeeded later in Bremen, made a complete fiasco in Venice on its *première* there. He watched its failure as he smoked his cigarettes, then, putting back the unfinished package into his pocket, calmly said, "These I shall smoke some day in revenge, when I write a work which brings success."

"It is not vanity," he declared to the writer, simply, one afternoon last summer in Munich, and taking the still preserved cigarettes from his pocket, he said: "I felt that something would come, and I felt the responsibility of it."

When Wolf-Ferrari begins a conversation, it is with the deliberate earnestness of a German, then going deeper into a subject near to him, and if the hearer is sympathetic, a fervor genuinely Italian carries him forward into a field of fresh ideas and frank expression, and, psychologically, he understands himself as few men do, not in a sense of vanity, but of impersonal study, and there, again, the German, analytical strain comes to the fore.

Though his name is a familiar one to musicians, Wolf-Ferrari first became known in New York generally with the production of "Vita Nuova," an inspired setting of some sonnets of Dante, and, presently, through that charming trifle, "The Secret of Susanne," sung last season at the Metropolitan, where this winter both his "Le Donne Curiose," and his newest opera, "I Giojelli Della Madonna," will be given. To this array the composer's presence during the season will lend a note of intimate interest. Of all this sudden, world-wide acknowledgment, Wolf-Ferrari only says: "I would rather that things went slower, for I would direct every detail with love at every rehearsal of each opera; all now goes so quickly."

At first in his work the Germans found him too Italian, and the Italians too German, which would seem to prove that he has struck the combination of a happy medium between the two; a strain for which, with our eclectic tastes, we seem rather to have been waiting. There is, too, the promise of a union freshly new.

A rather humorous trait in his dual nationality is that he no sooner reaches Italy than he wants to go back to Germany, where, in turn, he longs for Italy again. Of this dual development in his music, he said that day in Munich:

"I love the beautiful in both, and have tried to make them one. Thought—deep, calm, German thought—is passion; the Italian must have beauty in expression."

It was at this point that he wandered into psychology, and on the theme of the dual life of the composer:

"Composing," as he put it, "draws a man away from the world, draws him away so completely that any interruption by association with many is fatal. When he is once at his work, it must be in absolute isolation. Then comes the opposite, an emerging from that seclusion suddenly to be in contact with a stageful of people and an orchestra in rehearsals. Then, too, he is brought face to face with his characters in actual being, and is searching, watching always this point or that, which may be more fully developed. All this throws him into quite another channel of thought; he must be another man, as it were. There he handles interpretation and, as well, the extraneous. Before that it must mean absorption in creating the material. Both in solitude and busy action, he must be in full accord with demands."

Unlike some, though, who can stop short in the middle of a score, and go here and there conducting, it must be with Wolf-Ferrari the one thing or the other, but never the two intermingled.

"After being so long alone," he explains, "I am happy in the new life, happy to be with people, but composing draws one back from the world. 'Donne Curiose' I worked at in all hours, by day, and at night in bed, when each bar of the music sang itself in my mind as I lay there in the dark. In three months of feverish toil the opera was finished."

"I am no writing-table composer; I create as much while I am walking or in bed as I do with music-paper before me. The whole act of an opera I will have in

my head before I write down a note of it. Yet, once an opera is printed, I cannot remember a note of it. It is the same with *motifs:* they remain in my mind for years, unused and unforgotten, but once I have made use of any one of these, it goes from memory. That forgetfulness of the thing once recorded is," he added, "but a part of the economy of nature. I can imagine just that trait, and in the same degree, with a literary man."

ing singing at the Munich Conservatory. When he was twenty they were married. At thirty-five he is the father of a boy of thirteen, and jovially declares that at forty-five he may likely be a grandfather.

One day, in his very small years, he concluded to compose a *Fantaisie,* and dipped his fingers in ink, thinking that the marks left on the piano keys would guide him to play it again. The first

White Grace Elliston Beatrice Bertrand Robert Edeson Beatrice Noyes

Act 1. Lady Méchante starts to make a gentleman of a coal heaver

SCENE IN ROBERT EDESON'S NEW PLAY, "THE CAVE MAN," AT THE FULTON THEATRE

"When I write my own opera text, as I do now," the composer went on, "words and music come into my mind together, not in full detail, as in the score later completed, but the principal moments. When I begin to orchestrate, I have no idea of the number of instruments I may need, that is a point which settles itself as I progress. Sometimes when I am through I am surprised to see how many I have used, not all at once, of course, but in groups.

"When I compose, I think and think! But when one orchestrates one works like a clerk and sleeps well—for then one is a regular man, instead of working in the middle of the night as if it were high noon.

"Always I seek new types as subjects, but on the type, to my way of thinking, depends the size of the orchestra as much as does the general treatment. 'Donne Curiose,' in its lightness and gaiety, needs but a small orchestra, and requires only two hours in performance. 'I Giojelli Della Madonna,' is an opposite work, it holds the joyous, but it holds also the strongly tragic, a wider scope requiring a great number of instruments. The type of character engaged must influence so largely the call upon orchestral demands; I cannot, for instance, picture a weak, attractive creature like Don Juan requiring a great mass of supporting tone—for the individual character must live in the orchestra exactly in proportion to its type."

The love story of Wolf-Ferrari began early, at seventeen, when he became engaged to Miss Kilian, an American, who was study-

part of his program proved successful, the failure of the second started him in study of the instrument, not for its own sake, but that he might become acquainted with the literature of music.

At eight he made his first attempt at composing, beginning serious study when he was sixteen, and in counterpoint with Rheinberger, with whom he remained three years. For the six years following he studied on with a close friend. Meanwhile, at twenty, he was director of the International chorus in Milan. At twenty-six he assumed direction of the conservatory at Venice, where he stayed five years, "Always," as he speaks of it, "getting farther and farther away from composing." To gain a freedom he had not possessed before, he ended his engagement, broke up his home, and has since been a wanderer.

Aside from the works named, Wolf-Ferrari has composed chamber music and a little Biblical cantata, old, but just now to be given, for the successful composer in the end hears all things. But in the comparatively brief list that he has already given out there is a noted range in variety; the opera of "Cinderella," written in the modern romantic school; his second opera, "Le Donne Curiose," full of bright gaiety; "Vita Nuova," inspired with strong religious feeling; chamber music of deep musicianship, and lastly an entrance into the field of dramatic opera in "I Giojelli Della Madonna," carrying its tragedy. Wolf-Ferrari's appearance as librettist of this last opera must be awaited with interest, for with him intellectuality is as strongly present as is his musical gift.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

LITTLE by little old Lutece has assumed its normal aspect and many-sided interests, for the fashionables are again in Paris after long months spent at the seashore, in the mountains, and at the chateaux for the hunting.

It is an interesting fact that the races mark the seasons, and as the Grand Prix de Paris is the signal for the summer exodus, so the Prix du Conseil Municipal, held months later, draws back all true Parisians anxious to assist at this great sporting event of the autumn season. Unfortunately, the weather was not propitious this year, and consequently necessitated many changes in costumes; thus the winter fashions were suddenly and unexpectedly launched to meet the requirements of the lowered temperature. The profusion of velvet and ermine assures us of its fashionable importance.

In passing I must speak of the Autumn Salon, where every year at the same season the neurasthenics of the palette exhibit their latest elecubrations.

Annually we assist at the hatching of new schools of painting, such as humorists, pointillists, and other devotees of impressionism. This autumn has bestowed on us a new brood of men painters, who call themselves "cubistes." Their technique is simple, though opposed to all the laws of painting. They divide the panel, whatever the subject may be, into little cubes, like a draughts board. Their exhibition, however, was not taken very seriously, and we are looking forward to different contributions from these young painters at the next Salon.

The theatrical season, as has been announced, opened with great brilliancy, and this can easily be understood after reading a list of the authors represented at the different theatres. However, honor to whom honor is due, and from Mr. Albert Carré is awaited the signal for the formal opening of the season.

Mr. Albert Carré for the third time takes up his unique task, which he has carried through so brilliantly for fourteen years, as director of the Opera Comique. The appointment was made for the first time by Mr. Alfred Rambeau, Minister of Public Instruction. In these fourteen years Mr. Albert Carré has presented seventy-four new works, making a total of two hundred and sixty-eight acts. He has also introduced or presented all the singers who are now celebrated. Without exception or prejudice, this school has given works of true merit. In the repertoire a prominent place has been given to classical music, and to four or five of the masterpieces of Glück, such as "Iphigenia en Aulide," "Iphigenia en Tauride," "Alceste" and "Orphee." He revived "Fidelio" of Beethoven, which was very little known in Paris, and presented magnificently Mozart's "Enchanted Flute," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" and "Joseph in Egypt," by Méhul.

In these years the Opera Comique, with the artistic impetus given by Mr. Carré, has won a world-wide reputation and the importance of established success. In sending to Mr. Carré the notice of his reappointment, Mr. Steg, the present Minister

Photo by Felix

MME. JANE FABER

Wearing a Paquin creation in "Primerose" at the Comédie Française

Photo by Felix

MME. JANE HADING

In the "Femme Nue" at the Porte-St.-Martin, wearing a creation by Redfern (of Paris)

of Public Instruction, framed it in very flattering words: "In notifying you of your reappointment, I am happy to state that the Opera Comique under your direction has rendered a great service to lyric art, and am confident that the Institute under your further guidance will mature in even greater prosperity."

Such expressions of appreciation are incentives towards carrying on the great undertaking with enthusiasm and unabated zeal. And since his return from the Argentine, where he made French music splendidly triumphant, Mr. Carré has been preoccupied in arranging a more than usually brilliant programme for the season, of which the first performance will be reserved for subscribers.

Mr. Henry Bataille reigns simultaneously at the Renaissance Theatre and at the Porte-Saint-Martin. "Le Scandale" and "La Femme Nue" were as warmly welcomed as on their first presentation. "Le Scandale" is an uneven and rather painful drama, while "La Femme Nue" is a masterpiece. As I have already stated, the beauty of this latter work lies in its truthful simplicity. Its success is not due to complicated intrigues, stage tricks, nor an artificially scintillant dialogue, but to the sincerity of the

Photo by Reutlinger

MLLE. PROVOST

In "Primerose" at the Comédie Française, in a lovely creation by Cheruit

Photo by Felix

A PAQUIN CREATION

Photo Felix

A CREATION BY DOEUILLET

sentiments, the truthfulness of the character studies and the pathos and quiet tragedy with which it is impregnated. In short, it is wholesome and free from all unhealthy excitement such as marks many of the other works of this gifted author. And though Mr. Bataille in "La Femme Nue" shows up unsparingly the flaws in human nature, he does so with true poetic feeling and insight. Mme. Bady was the ideal embodiment of the humble and unhappy Lolotte; this comedienne depicted with great delicacy, childish gaiety, confusion, consequent on a new social environment, passive resignation to hostile shafts, and lastly, despair. Mr. Pierre Magnier had to work strenuously to displace the formidable memory of de Guitry in the same rôle, and his reading of the part was manly, forcefully impassioned and noble. And in "Le Scandale" it was the same when Mme. Juliette Margel was weighted with a rôle already unforgettably associated in our memories with the personality of Mme. Bady. If Mme. Juliette Margel did not give quite as great an impression of mystery and dreaminess as Mme. Bady, yet she infused into her portrayal intense life, keen intelligence, and an amorous ardor with which she seemed to vibrate. The two pieces are splendidly played: at the Porte-Saint-Martin by Mme. Jane Hading, Messrs. Jean Coquelin, Armand Bour and Juvenet; at the Renaissance by Messrs. Chautard, Cappelani, and the delightfully natural and motherly Marie Samary.

Messrs. Robert de Flers and Gaston de Caillavet have, since their first arrival on the scene, dominated the theatrical situation, nor have they ever turned aside in their persistent and indefatigable quest of novel forms of comedy.

The success of their efforts is undoubted, and has assured the continuance of the sentimental fantasies cleverly portraying Parisian characters and situations that afford the public such unlimited amusement. After "Coeur à Ses Raisons" and "Sentiers de la Vertu" came "Miquette et Sa Mère," "l'Eventail," "l'Amour Veille," "l'Ane de Buridan," and "Papa," all very great successes, and yet Messrs. Robert de Flers and Gaston de Caillavet are not content to rest on their laurels, as many others would be. The daring of the one and the imagination of the other make for the success of a collaboration such as theirs. Their powers of invention appear to be inexhaustible, and they give to Parisians the forms of comedy which they appreciate most.

They first wrote "Le Roi," with the assistance of Emmanuel Arène. The success was immediate and unmistakable. Next came "Le Bois Sacré," for which the laurels blossomed again.

To-day, under the colors of a nosegay, they are continuing their campaign. In "Primerose" it is declared that "Though times are dull, yet men are gay." They may be, yet it might readily be assumed that their gaiety is not likely to be increased by a love tale that unexpectedly turns out to be a study of religious questions. To-morrow, perhaps, the social problem in their practised and juggling hands may be made both diverting and instructive.

Messrs. de Flers and de Caillavet in "Primerose" have treated a delicate subject in a convincing and masterly manner which holds the attention and interest, pleases the fastidious and does not in the least offend the most sensitive. It is enchanting and is splendidly acted. Mlle.

Marie Leconte in the title rôle is delightful.

The first act brought us to an evening reception in one of the stately chateaux on the banks of the Loire, giving us the opportunity to admire many lovely gowns. Mlle. Leconte, the embodiment of youth, wore a very girlish frock of white trimmed with small roses. Mlle. Provost appeared in a sheath of rose silk, swathed in draperies of blue tulle and lace elaborately embroidered with gold thread in a very effective design.

Mme. Paquin, who knows so well how to dress our fastidious and lovely artists, has again created marvellous gowns, original and with the Parisian chic which appeals irresistibly to our fashionable women. First, there came Mlle. Faber in a lovely gown of canary yellow satin charmeuse, the lines of which were simple and most graceful. It was untrimmed save for a bouquet of small roses that clasped the drapery of the skirt and gave an individual touch.

Mlle. Devoyod wore an exquisite gown of green—the green of budding trees; the corsage was composed of a network of beads embroidered in pearls and diamonds. Mme. Paquin's art is revealed in the small details which are so important in the making or marring of a creation, and in distinguishing it from hundreds of other gowns.

The second act also had a beautiful setting, that did not, however, call for a display of elaborate gowns. Mlles. Leconte and Bovy wore the habit of The Little Sisters of the Poor. Mlle. Provost appeared for so short a time that one had little opportunity for observing her gown of yellow linon, veiled with a short tunic of amethyst. Mme. Pierson wore an entire costume of old blue, the soft tones of the hat and gown being most becoming. Her gown in the last act was particularly striking and successful. It was of shimmering heliotrope velvet, trimmed entirely with old Venise, which formed two large revers, descended to the skirt and bordered the tunic on the left side.

Mlle. Leconte wore a nunlike gown of dark blue crêpe de chine, with a simple collar of white muslin, which cleverly conveyed the impression that, though she had returned to the world, she was not quite in touch with its coquetries.

At the Vaudeville the play by Messrs. Duquesne and Barde, "Sa Fille," was given a warm reception. In execution this piece plainly shows the hand of a man who knows the theatre. The striking effects are produced by clever situations, and are not merely conveyed by the words of the author. The story is unrolled in the different scenes with a clearness that holds the spectators breathless with interest. Romance and reality are cleverly interwoven, and certainly the situations are never commonplace.

The piece is splendidly interpreted. Mr. Duquesne is remarkable in the rôle of the marquis. Mme. Marcelle Lender on her side gave us a marquise of supreme elegance and charm. To Monna Delza was given the heavy task of representing "Sa Fille." This is the first time she has been given so important a part, that is to say, the principal rôle in the play. Her interpretation was worthy of great praise, and placed her immediately among the first actresses of the day. Though slightly nervous, she was charming, dignified, and appealing.

Mlle. Monna Delza, since her famous creation of "La Vierge Folle" last year at the Gymnase has shown such progress in her chosen art that one does not hesitate in predicting an enviable artistic career for her.

This young artist has arrived at a time most propitious for her advancement, as the different theatres of the boulevard are suffering from a famine of talented young actresses. This is particularly evident in the demands made by many of the current plays, and there seem to be few indeed capable of filling the places of such comediennes as Jeanne Granier, Réjane, Hading, and other great pioneers.

Mlle. Monna Delza's grace and talent, after her brilliant success in "Sa Fille," assure her a place among the stars of the first magnitude in the theatrical firmament.

It may not be out of place to remark here, that the ravishing hats worn by this lovely young actress were unmistakably the creations of that artistic modiste, Mme. Lenthéric, whose hats Mlle. Delza wears.

I must not close without mentioning that the autumn toilettes, which were particularly remarked in the enclosure at the last race meet, were made by two houses, whose creations can never be mistaken, and whose names are authoritative — Redfern and Chéruit. I also noticed many exquisite costumes by Mme. Jeanne Lanvin, the well-known couturier of the Faubourg St. Honore.

The author of "Cid" has affirmed that "Value is not reckoned by years" and it may be taken for its motto by this important dressmaking establishment. That Mme. Jeanne Lanvin is a great artist is definitely established by her exquisite taste and grace in things feminine. I hope to describe to the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE at different times some of the successful creations that emanate from this temple of good taste.

PETRONIUS.

Photo Felix

MME. JANE HADING
Wearing a creation by Redfern (of Paris) in the "Femme Nue" at the Porte-St.-Martin

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METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE

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IRVING AND I

(Continued from page 212)

to her lively flow of speech, nodding now and then, and putting a word or two in edgewise; once he smiled at some telling point made by his fair partner.

While the rest were taking possession of the benches, I kept my gaze glued on the principals of the play; I watched their every movement with the overpowering curiosity common to all of us where celebrity is the attraction—especially because I was from the country, had never been on the stage before, nor been so near to a famous "star" in my life. And yet, behold! here was I, homeless, penniless, and very weak and hungry, filling a novel, picturesque part, that hundreds, aye, thousands, of luckier beings might have envied and desired!

Without design, I had taken a seat in the centre of the second row of benches. I was unaware at the time that the place carried with it a particular significance; but such it did, as subsequent events proved. All my companions of the previous acts now completely filled the seating space around me, forming a bizarre, yet pleasing, picture in their warm-hued, striking costumes of the stormy French period. Good-natured banter and joking were going the rounds among the assembled company; the stage directors (my red-faced man among them) were fuming with the heat of accentuated bustle incident to forming a semblance of order where confusion reigned; the actors on the tribune, glancing hurriedly over manuscripts of their parts, already struck attitudes in momentary expectation of the curtain's rise. The sobbing strains of the orchestra out in the playhouse reached my ears. Suddenly a silvery tinkle resounded.

Up went the curtain and the lights. Sir Henry Irving walked slowly to the centre of the stage. In the twinkling of an eye he was a man transformed!—Robespierre, in the toils, facing the fate that he had meted out to uncounted thousands; a snarling, groveling, threatening, pleading, demoniac figure, deserted by the false friends who now were banded together to destroy him. These crowded the tribune, and took turns in denouncing the shattered idol, who squirmed in helpless rage and protest before them. The Incorruptible essayed to reply to the accusations of his foes; pandemonium broke loose: his every syllable was drowned under the avalanche of yells, howls and screams, launched at him by the infuriated members of the Assembly. Rendered desperate by the hopelessness of his unenviable position, and vainly seeking a means to save his skin, Robespierre makes a personal appeal to the different sections of the inimical Assembly—first to the Right, then to the Left, next to the Centre. The first two laugh him to scorn, and vote solidly for his arrest; only the Centre wavers, refusing to assent to the motion of commitment. A ray of hope enters the heart of the Incorruptible. He bounds joyously to those whom he believes are still his friends. "Oh, ye, at least, righteous men of the Plain!" he cries.

Being one of those of the Plain, or Centre, it fell to my fortunate lot to be placed so that the following never-to-be-forgotten occurrence was made possible:

When Sir Henry Irving faced us for the above-mentioned speech, his deep-set, green-rimmed eyes swept over our little company with a searching gaze. His glance met mine—joy!—and halted. Then, behold (will wonders ever cease?) it was to poor me—do you hear?—to me, Dave Garvice, "hobo," and general good-for-naught, to whom this great and wonderful artist was addressing the words I have quoted!

Truly, I had not lived in vain; I sat transfixed, thrilled to the very marrow of my being; and trying, in the shock and confusion, to do adequate mental justice to the astounding honor that had been so unexpectedly thrust upon me. But the effort proved too much for my weakened condition. A blood-red mist seemed to envelop my vision; through its gory haze I faintly discerned a circle of Robespierres whirling around and around like a set of dancers in the second figure of the lanciers. I attempted to rise—two steely grasps tightened on my arms—two hoarse whispers grated on my ears, and made me sit still. Now the spinning forms of the Revolutionist leader appeared to sway perilously near the edge of the footlights. Bang! A pistol in his hand exploded; yet I hardly felt sensible of the concussion, so much was it like one of the stormy throbs of my wildly beating heart. The outline of the Incorruptible began to shrink and shrivel to my blurred gaze—I have a faint recollection of a mad dash by the white-clothed

Clarisse toward the desperate suicide—then a roar like a hundred cannon struck on my ears, and I knew no more.

"Surely, I am in heaven, and this is the sound of angel voices chanting a divine melody," said I to myself, when returning consciousness began to filter through my brain. Indeed, exquisite is a mild word to apply to the swelling harmony which sobbed in my hearing, as with closed eyes I floated serenely on substance lighter than gossamer. My airy journey did not last very long, however. A splash of cold water on my face caused me to open my eyes with a start. I found myself outstretched upon the bench from where I had seen Robespierre fall. Hovering above me were a group of excited faces belonging to actors, "supers," and stage hands. Evidently smelling salts, whisky, and cold water had served their purposes (judging by the sensations I was now experiencing), and my looked-for return to consciousness was the signal for audible sighs of relief by divers of the company crowding about me. Among these I recognized the faces of Sir Henry Irving, Miss Terry, and the red-faced man: troubled faces they were, too. Perhaps I had ruined the play! This was a painful thought, indeed. At this moment they lifted me to a sitting posture; plied me with questions—what was wrong with me—who were my folks—where was my home? For reply I motioned toward a glass of water held by the red-faced man. Glancing about me I saw that the curtain had fallen, and the play was over; the small electric light over my head, sharp and bright though it shone, made but a slight inroad on the mammoth darkness-made-visible, which towered above us sky-high.

I took a few sips of water, drew, it seemed to me, the longest breath I had ever drawn, and began a labored recital of what I had to tell. As I progressed in my tale I paused, at different junctures, waiting for laughs at my folly. But none came. Really, the faces about me got graver and graver. Exclamations burst from the red-faced man; he seemed unable to get over the fact that my sole nourishment, during the past three days, had consisted of only a loaf of bread.

Another surprise awaited me.

As I was explaining what it was that had been the cause of my fainting spell, Sir Henry Irving patted me on the head, and said, in a voice filled with the music of a deep emotion:

"My poor boy, you have unwittingly paid me the greatest compliment I have ever received." He put his arm about me, and helped me to my feet. Miss Terry (imagine!) took hold of me by the other arm.

Sir Henry turned to the rest, and told them they might go. Three or four tried to thrust some bills into my hand, but Irving stopped them.

"I'll attend to the boy," said he, simply.

I should like to tell the conclusion of my adventure, but I gave my word to Sir Henry never to divulge it. Suffice it to say that that same night, arrayed in a brand new outfit, Dave Garvice was regaled with the best of food in a well-known hostelry; and afterward slept, for the first time in his checkered existence, in a soft bed redolent with the air of cleanliness and sanctity.

EDWARD ACKER.

MARY GARDEN'S DEBUT

(*Continued from page* 218)

fight, but though it came hard, I could not make up my mind to do it.

"They did not like my independence, felt that I had not been sufficiently grateful, so calculated that this would bring me to them on my knees. They did not know me. I had no such sum of money, which they probably knew, for I had been earning large fees for so short a time that there had been no chance to get much ahead, but I did have $10,000. The president of the bank, where I had the money, was a box-holder at Hammerstein's. I knew him slightly, so I went straight to him. As soon as I was in his office, I said:

"'I have $10,000 on deposit at this bank, and to-morrow before noon I must have $10,000 more to meet a note. Can I borrow such a sum just on my own name?'

"'Miss Garden,' he said, 'you can have anything there is in this bank.'

"In five minutes the whole thing was settled, and first thing next morning my lawyer took $20,000 in crisp, new banknotes and paid the last cent. I was flat broke, without a cent, but I was the happiest girl in New York. They thought they would humble me on a mere question of dollars,—they did not know me."

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Mary Garden Triumphs as Carmen

(*Continued from page* 191)

excuse for both. All the tones of a superb voice, all the resources of his actor art are used to portray the violent passions of a weak man. He becomes almost revolting in his brutal jealousy of the more successful Escamillo; he is abject, pitiful, in his insane pleadings for a re-awakening of Carmen's love. These two past-masters in acting have never done anything more poignantly realistic than the quarrel scenes between the woman who is tired and the man who clings desperately to the last fragment of a worn-out passion. Ever and again as the orchestra plays the cruel "Carmen" phrase, Mr. Dalmores' voice breaks into actual cries of torture.

The fortune-telling scene is delicately handled. When Carmen has dealt herself the fatal death-cards, her eyes stare into space as though she saw there her own corpse; her features actually stiffen. She snatches the cards again, desperately; again and again she deals them. Then with a pitiful, dreary bravado, she sings the "In vain" song, low-keyed.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Dufranne's usually splendid rendering of the Toreador is not quite equalled by his acting as Escamillo. A little more of the apparent disdain of the conquering male for woman-kind would have seemed more natural than his easy good-humor. The part needs a Spanish Bill Sykes,—the sort of man for whom woman has always sacrificed herself, even while the finer type pleaded vainly in the background.

The last scene is as usual the most powerful—but Miss Garden's work in it is not usual. She has broken far away from the idea that Carmen must be craven in the face of death. The cards have told the girl that she must die, and the intense superstition of the lower-class Spanish woman leaves her no other belief. At least, then, she will not lie. It would be easy to cajole Don José, even now, but she faces him imperilously instead. Continually he blocks her way to her new lover, but he cannot yet kill the thing he loves. At last Carmen's nerves give way in a burst of hysterical laughter—and her life instantly pays the penalty.

Debussy has called Mary Garden the "unforgettable Melisande." The term might equally well be applied to her Carmen. From entrance, surrounded by her would-be lovers, laughing at this one, alluring that, defying all,—to the moment when her shriek of laughter brings the dagger of the maddened José to her breast,—she is a picture never to be lost to the memory—this brave, cruel, merry, vicious, tender, "unforgettable" Carmen. CLARE P. PEELER.

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The second is the familiar and beloved Minuet in G, by Paderewski, which the virtuoso does not usually include in his printed programmes. He is always obliged to play it, nevertheless, after the impetuous rush of excited femininity which always takes place at the close of the concerts; while the somberer members of the audience sit quietly and expectantly in their seats, waiting for the extra numbers which the artist always good naturedly plays.

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MRS. FISKE

(Continued from page 192)

Horace—ostensibly. She only grants him the privilege of escorting her to the home of her best friend, who is happily married, and from whom Mrs. Bromley learns the secret of the "new marriage." This is nothing more than the old, old idea of living in peace, tranquillity and forbearance with husband and children; but it comes to Mrs. Bromley as the latest word of emancipation.

The third act betrays an organic weakness of farce. Characters pop on and off the scene so rapidly that they are hard to identify. In action and dialogue, the mood of the piece becomes scatter and clatter. Agnes, who has gone back home full of the "new marriage," is, of course, the vortex of the whirl. Her tongue is double-edged with sarcasm. She laments: "I never had a mother, I had a fashion-plate." She professes an intention of giving up her home and moving into a hotel, though admitting that "when you enter a hotel, the end is in sight." She informs her husband, when he refuses to quell the revolt in the servants' quarters, that he is "a regular American husband, who boards with his wife."

Then comes a scene which resembles musical comedy in its mechanics and its fantastic motivation; all the upper-class characters in the piece are grouped in the Bromley's drawing-room to listen to a rehearsal, by Agnes and Leona, of the addresses they have prepared for a woman's club conference on the sex problem and the new feminist movement. Agnes routs her would-be rival by a bewildering travesty on feminist and suffragist phraseology. As intellectual burlesque, this episode is extremely diverting, but as a part of the play it is more or less of an excrescence. CHARLES W. COLLINS.

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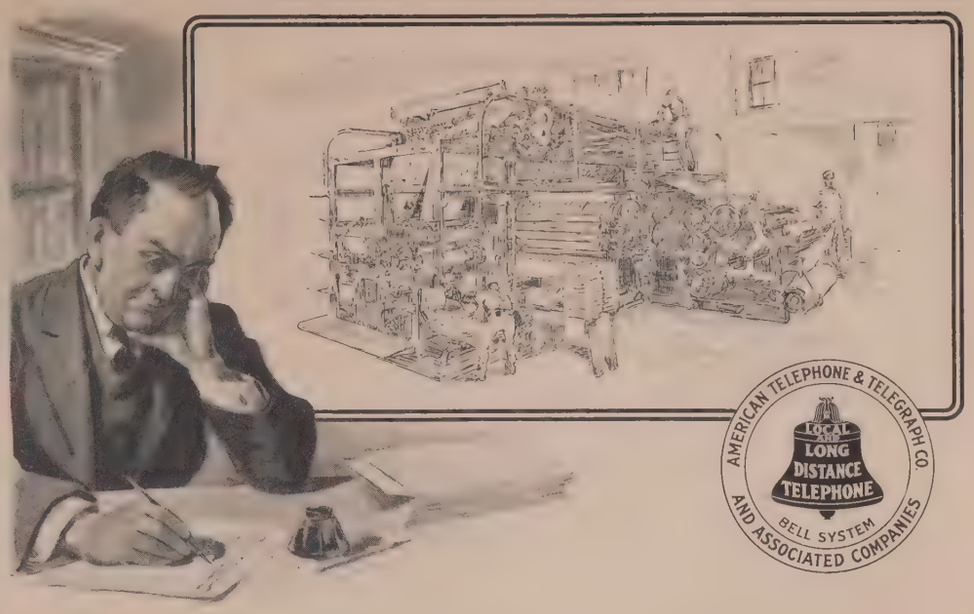
Mr. Sothern on Shakespeare

"The only way to popularize Shakespeare," says Mr. E. H. Sothern in the New York *World*, "is to work like the devil and give the public good acting. Shakespeare cannot be popularized merely by reducing the price of admission. An actor might play Shakespeare to an admission price of ten cents and, instead of adding to the popularity of the great dramatist, might injure it. Good acting is the first requisite towards making Shakespeare's plays popular. Shakespeare *is* popular if well acted—he doesn't have to be made so. The price of admission is regulated by the seating capacity of the theatres where we play. Our expenses are, roughly speaking, $5,000 a week. If the theatre is large enough so we can cover expenses and make enough to pay us for our work in addition, we keep the price at $1.50; if not we charge $2.00, basing our calculations on the business we have done in that city in the past. If we could make a fair profit I would rather play at 50 cents and have a full house than to half a house at $2.00 or $3.00, because of the satisfaction and inspiration to be gained from capacity audiences, and also from the business point of view that, if a good performance has been given, we have made that many more friends who will want to see us in the future. The friends that an actor makes through good work are his asset for the future. I have never had a losing season in Shakespeare—not even in my first season in 'Hamlet' in 1898, when I did that play exclusively for the entire season, and that notwithstanding the fact that it was my first appearance, at the head of my own company, in a Shakespeare play. Furthermore, my production was burned in Cincinnati, and a new one had to be built. In addition, I was ill ten weeks that season. But when the accounts were closed at the end of the year they showed a good profit. It proves that the public will pay to see Shakespeare if it is confident that the producer is giving it the best production and the best acting he is capable of. In a number of cities, notably Baltimore and Philadelphia, business was not good the first season or two that Mrs. Sothern and I appeared there in our Shakespeare repertoire, but since then it has increased until now these two cities are among the most profitable which we play. We are working on three Shakespeare plays now—'King Lear,' 'Othello' and 'Cymbeline.' We shall probably produce at least one of them next season. Mrs. Sothern wishes very much to play Cordelia; the beauty and sweetness of that character appeal to her; and I naturally want to play Lear. Whenever I do, though, I expect all the older theatrical writers to raise a hue and cry."



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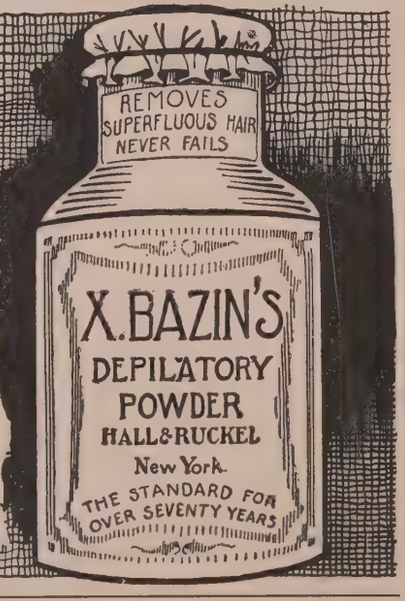

A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

At the Playhouse

(*Continued from page* 187)

the time the curtain goes up on the first act to the very last, and no mean features in the success of the piece are the originality of the idea and the rollicking slap-bang manner in which it is acted. It strikes an entire new note in farce and it is played by a most competent cast in exactly the right key.

The story has to do with the disappearance of, and the frenzied hunt for, a winning lottery ticket. A number of artists are living in Bohemian style in company of their models. They subsist chiefly on credit and kisses. Their funds are about exhausted and the landlord threatens eviction when suddenly one of them finds that a despised lottery ticket, in which he had placed little faith, has won the Grand Prize for a million. Immediately there is a wild whoop of joy and to celebrate the occasion the artists begin to smash up things—chairs, easels and plaster-casts being sent to smithereens amid a whirlwind of dust and noise. When this cyclone of joy had quieted down they find to their horror that the lottery ticket was in an old coat which had been given to an escaping burglar. Immediately a wild hunt begins for the missing garment and the chase is kept up with all kinds of adventures throughout four acts.

Taylor Holmes made a distinct hit as the impecunious artist determined to get his lottery ticket at any price and William Burress was equally successful as the lightning-change burglar. It is, however, hardly fair to mention individuals when the cast is so uniformly excellent.

GLOBE. "GYPSY LOVE." Opera in three acts. Music by Franz Lehar. Book and lyrics by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. (From the German of Wilbur and Bodansky.) Produced October 17 with this cast:

Zorika, Marguerita Sylva, Phyllis Partington; Niklas, Harry McDonough; Jozsi, Arthur Albro; Fedor, Carl Haydn; Ilma, Frances Demarest; Mikel, George L. Bickel; Lilia, Dorothy Webb; Kaspar, Robert G. Pitkin; Moschu, Albert Hart; Sacha, Lucie Mitchell; Magda, Josephine Harmon; Dimitri, Anton Hanschmann; Fancha, Kittie Saville; Henry, Master Robert Smith; Etta, Oralla Mars.

Having won popular laurels and having fattened his purse prodigiously with "The Merry Widow," Franz Lehar decided to seek a divorce from comic opera and devote his tuneful talents to writing something more serious. This he achieved in "Gypsy Love," recently sung for the first time here at the Globe Theatre. The rights to it were purchased a year or so ago by Andreas Dippel, who had in mind its production at the New Theatre. But fate shattered those plans, so the English rights passed into the hands of A. H. Woods, who had an American version made by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith.

Originally "Gypsy Love" was a romantic opera. The playbills still announce it as such, but a lot of the humor in it is scarcely of the grade or quality to warrant its inclusion in a serious work. But the edict has gone forth that Broadway wants fun liberally mixed with its music, so fun is injected at any cost.

And more's the pity, for the music of "Gypsy Love" is sufficiently good to interest music-lovers who are willing to forswear allegiance to much of the tinkling trash that is ground out of unambitious composers and is in turn ground out at the audience.

Ill luck, however, pursued the New York *première* of this opera, for the prima donna, Marguerita Sylva, succumbed to hoarseness at the end of the first act and her place was taken by Phyllis Partington, a newcomer. Miss Partington, who had been understudy to Miss Sylva, sang exceedingly well and with good voice. But the glamor of the first night had been rubbed off, the entire first act went for little. Marguerite Sylva, known years ago as comic opera singer—her last appearance was at the Casino seven years ago in a revival of "Erminie"—has since appeared at both the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses in grand opera. She is known to possess temperament and a good voice, and perhaps her return to the cast will breathe new life into this production which, by the way, is an exceedingly handsome and elaborate one.

In Lehar's music there are touches that are almost grand opera, while again there are fascinating waltzes and dashing march numbers that are excellent light opera composing. The prevailing characteristic of this music is Hungarian, there are wild Hungarian czardas, and langorous Lassan. The score is beautifully

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Photographs by White, N. Y.

Sylva, the star of "Gypsy Love," had two "first night" audiences. One had to be content with her understudy, but the other heard the real Marguerita.

PERHAPS you were among the "first nighters" who went to welcome Marguerita Sylva in the opening performance of the newest and most widely heralded European success, "Gypsy Love," masterpiece of Franz Lehar of "Merry Widow" fame. Perhaps you were one of the vast assemblage that witnessed the beautiful prima donna's distress at being obliged to relinquish her rôle after the first act on account of an untimely attack of laryngitis. At any rate you read all about it in the papers next day—how the star, too ill to sing, was obliged to accord the first night's laurels to her understudy and to disappoint a brilliant audience that had waited weeks to see and hear her.

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, at the very time that it was announced from the stage that Sylva was too ill to sing, she was singing her principal numbers from "Gypsy Love," and in excellent voice, to an equally brilliant and very much larger audience.

The explanation is that shortly before the opening of "Gypsy Love" in New York, Madame Sylva made records of her principal numbers for the Edison Phonograph, in ample time so that the records could go on sale simultaneously with the opening of the New York production—a feat never before accomplished in the talking machine industry, a triumph for Sylva and for the Edison Phonograph.

Sylva's co-operation secured us the services of her two principal tenors, Arthur Albro and Carl Haydn, as well as Louis F. Gottschalk, conductor of the "Gypsy Love" Orchestra—so that these records present a *finished* rendition of the selections reproduced.

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made, and the orchestra is ably conducted by Louis F. Gottschalk.

As for the company of singers, it is generally good. Both Miss Sylva and Miss Partington have already been mentioned. Then there is Arthur Albro, who plays Jozsi with compelling dash and sings with stormy temperament. Frances Demarest, as a young widow, sang and danced well.

ASTOR. "THE RED WIDOW." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Music by Charles J. Gebest. Produced November 6 with this cast:

Cicero Hannibal Butts, Raymond Hitchcock; Violet Butts, Jeane Newcombe; Oswald Butts, Harry Clarke; Anna Varvara, Sophye Barnard; Yvette, Gertrude Vanderbilt; Ivan Scorpioff, John Hendricks; Baron Maximillian Scareovich, Joseph Allen; Dick Graham, Lincoln Plumer; Tantul Popova, George E. Mack; Captain Basil Romanoff, Theodore Martin; Princess Sophya, Augusta Lang; Countess Alexandra, Clara Schroeder; Kirglig, Stanley Fields; Paskof, Rokey Johnson; Adyk, Lee Carriere; Ovak, William Lafferty; Manager of the Alcazar Music Hall, Ralph Harlowe; Clerk of the Hotel de l'Europe, Ralph Harlowe.

The standard of musical comedy has been so raised of late that it has to be a very good show to hold its own on Broadway. Raymond Hitchcock, always a popular favorite in these parts, is now the electrically emblazoned star at the Astor. His medium is called "The Red Widow." It is a combination of unequal merit, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Hitchcock's amusing personality and some of its good features will enable it to remain for a lengthy stay on Manhattan's great thoroughfare. Mr. Hitchcock seems to have a fixed formula for his stellar rôles. It is seldom that he is called upon to act other than his quaint, humorous self, but he insists that as the seasons roll around it shall be projected into a new and fresh geographical environment. This year he is a successful Yonkers manufacturer of corsets, whose adventures start in London and are then transferred to the land of the Czar.

The authors of the book, Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, may possibly have been inspired by Col. Savage's "My Official Wife"; since their protagonist, Col. Butts, N. G., N. Y., under a passport for himself and wife takes Anna Varvara, "The Red Widow," and an avowed Nihilist over the Russian frontier. That Butts has his troubles with the anarchists—he is supposed to be one of them—with his own wife who arrives at a most inopportune time, and from the Little White Father's police emissaries, goes without saying. Some of these incidents are broadly comic, some fall flat and others are fairly successful in getting over the footlights. The music by Charles J. Gebest is extremely commonplace. The few numbers which please have a most familiar ring, while so many are written in the same vein, a most hurried tempo, that they tire. But their principal fault is that they veil the really witty significance of several of the lyrics.

The production is a handsome one and some novel features, especially in the first act, have been introduced by Frederick G. Latham, who personally staged the piece.

HUDSON. "THE PRICE." Play in three acts by George Broadhurst. Produced November 1 with this cast:

Mrs. Dole, Jessie Ralph; Susan, Margaret McWade; Ethel Toscani, Helen Ware; Stanard Dole, Warner Oland; Professor Damaroff, George W. Barnum; Dr. Bristol, Harrison Hunter; Florence, Gertrude Dalton.

Mr. George H. Broadhurst has always been recognized as a playwright of keen observation and technical effectiveness. This season he seems disposed to drive his record home with particular incisiveness. His "Bought and Paid For" is the big dramatic hit of the year and now he follows it up with another play from his pen which is causing audiences at the Hudson to sit up and take particular notice of what he has to say on certain phases of contemporaneous life. "The Price" is the title of this piece. It is said that it was first tried out on the Pacific Coast. In its original form it failed to catch on, but believing that he had the essential idea for a dramatic play of moving worth Mr. Broadhurst set about it valiantly; hacked here and there, knit together this and that, killed off certain characters, and elaborated others until he had a play which Manager Henry B. Harris deemed a suitable vehicle for the display of Miss Helen Ware's emotional talents.

Now it is a peculiar fact that although "The Price" holds the interest from start to finish, it is by no means a well made play from the constructive viewpoint. Many of the so-called essential rules are violated, the strong arm of coincidence is constantly called in and the central figure at hardly any time enlists a genuine sympathetic interest. Yet the play grips and pleases.

There are some splendid acting scenes in the

play, and they are made the most of by Miss Ware, movingly powerful as Ethel, by Harrison Hunter, manly and forcible as the outraged husband, and by Jessie Ralph as Mrs. Dole. The latter's impersonation of a marvellously well developed character is well nigh perfect. She is the shrewish, determined Nemesis to the life. Gertrude Dalton as the ward is sympathetically sweet and the artist Dole is played with discreet fervor by Warner Oland. Susan, a servant, is acted with natural feeling by Margaret McWade, and a stage professor, a most dismal bore, falls to the lot of George W. Barnum.

LIBERTY. "Uncle Sam." Comedy in three acts by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea. Produced October 30.

Weird, wild and woolly are the adjectives which properly describe the new and extravagant farce, which, recently produced at the Liberty, has since been transferred to the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. Its original reception was certainly mixed; but personalities count a great deal with the theatregoers of this city, and as the two principal rôles are in the capable hands of the jolly, rotund and unctious Thomas Wise and the handsome, alert and mercurially impudent John Barrymore it would seem as if execution had risen superior to subject matter and that "Uncle Sam," written "solely to amuse," by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea, would last longer than its intrinsic worth apparently warrants.

HERALD SQUARE. "The Wife Hunters." Musical play in two acts. Book by Edgar Allan Woolf. Lyrics by David Kempner. Music by Anatol Friedland and Malvin Franklin. Produced November 2.

"The Wife Hunters" is a title that might well be patented because of its all comprehending merits. There are few stories that it would not fit. No doubt it has a plot but it is more satisfactory to one's intelligence to consider it a transaction in dancing and singing.

Miss Emma Carus may be described as the principal. She has abundance of vitality and sings such songs as "Girls, Keep Your Figure," songs well adapted to the boisterous approval of rounders. Mr. Lewis Simon, as an humble valet who is slapped about on occasion and who takes all manner of violence as a joke, is amusing. The songs and dances have plentiful swing about them, and the young women are uncommonly attractive. It is a show of the kind that Mr. Lew Fields, with his associates, provides with unfailing certainty of effect.

GAIETY. "The Only Son." Play in three acts by Winchell Smith. Produced October 16.

In "The Only Son," Mr. Winchell Smith, who established himself with "Brewster's Millions" and "The Fortune Hunter," again demonstrates his remarkable facility and expertness in the handling of scenes. The play at the Gaiety Theatre is uncommon in many of its qualities, and is particularly uncommon in its main theme and proposition. The gist of it all is that "the only son" reconciles his father with his mother after she had confessed to infidelity and been driven from home by her husband. After all is said and done in the play, the problem remains, Shall an Unfaithful Wife be Forgiven? Common sense will tell us the answer to that question as a proposition of universal application. In this particular case, the husband has provided his beautiful young wife with every luxury, but, in his pursuit of money, has neglected her, leaving her for a long period without his companionship. She offers no other explanation of her conduct. The husband calls in his two children, his only son and his daughter, and makes the revelation to them. The daughter turns away in horror, uttering reproaches. The son declares that if his mother is driven from the house he will accompany her. This he does.

Mr. Wallace Eddinger is eminently adapted to the expression of the impulses of youth, whether in moments of frivolity or of serious care, and simplicity and truth are manifest in his emotion. All the other players have a like fitness, Claude Gillingwater as the father, Louise Randolph as the wife, Olive Wyndham as the girl loved by the son, Elmer Grandin as the Western inventor, and Leslie Kenyon as the Englishman who marries the daughter for her money.

PARK. "The Quaker Girl." Musical play in three acts. Book by James T. Tanner. Music by Lionel Monckton. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Produced October 23.

Those who saw it in London frankly declare that "The Quaker Girl" is better in New York, so there remains but little excuse for staying away from the Park Theatre, formerly the Majestic Theatre, which began its new career under its new name with this English musical comedy. Lionel Monckton wrote the music, which ensures

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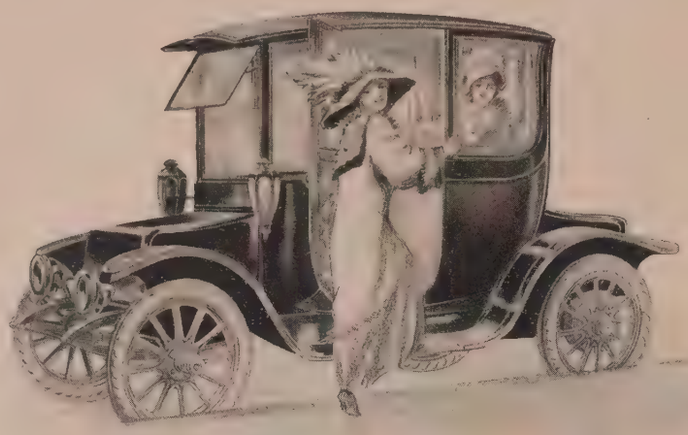

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a pretty score; and the book by James T. Tanner and lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank all do their share toward making this one of the prettiest and daintiest musical offerings of the present strenuous season.

The prima donna is Ina Claire. She appeared in the cabaret of the late Folies Bergére this summer, giving imitations, chiefly of Harry Lauder. Now she is through with that, for as Prudence she sang charmingly, using a pretty voice with unusual skill. She is good to look at and dances well. May Vokes, who always provokes a laugh by her desiccated humor, was excellently cast as a maid, and her amusing partner was cleverly acted by Percival Knight, who was droll as ever. Nellie McHenry, she of former stellar glory, was cast for a small rôle. Lawrence Rea sang his waltz song resonantly and without the hoarseness that had marked his singing in "The Spring Maid." Maisie Gay, as a Paris dressmaker, was exceedingly funny in the part, and Daphne Glenne had good acting and singing to her credit in the rôle of the Princess Mathilde.

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LYRIC. "THE DUCHESS." Comic opera in three acts. Music by Victor Herbert. Book by Joseph Herbert and H. B. Smith. Produced October 16.

Candor compels it to be said that this show is disappointing. Nor is it difficult to put one's fingers upon its weak points. The book is bad. In the language of the race track, it is a "dutch book." The first act is slow, but fair; the second picturesque and spirited; the third atrociously puerile and stupid. When conditions such as these confront a composer, it is not surprising that his output does not come up to his established standard; and this is true of Herbert's score. While it is always musicianly, frequently melodious and orchestrated with that skill, ingenuity and taste which ever marks his work, it is thin throughout, often reminiscent—still Herbert only appropriates from himself—and not equal to his reputation.

It is not to be wondered at that, with such slim material to utilize, Miss Scheff has her work cut out. She does labor valiantly, perhaps a little too much so, for while she brings her capable training to the vocalization of the rôle, she is not always true to the pitch. But her trills please her audiences and she gives them plenty of them. It is as a comedienne she shines

NEW YORK. "THE ENCHANTRESS." Comic opera in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert. Book and lyrics by Fred. De Gresac and Harry B. Smith. Produced October 19.

For a composer there must be some inspiration from a good book. Herbert nodded when he penned the score for the feeble libretto of "The Duchess," but the fecund Victor came valiantly to the fore when he set down the musical accompaniment of "The Enchantress." Now "The Enchantress," which gives every indication of holding the boards at the New York for the remainder of the season, is all that a musical show should be. It is presented with lavish extravagance by Joseph W. Gaites; the company is one that can not only sing, but act as well. The book tells a consistently interesting and engaging story and Herbert's score is the best he has furnished since "Mlle. Modiste."

The title rôle is acted and sung by Kitty Gordon, and a wonderfully beautiful and alluring figure she makes. Her impersonation is quite remarkable for the finish and feeling which she injects into the histrionic side of the part, while her voice, small though it be, is admirably trained and her numbers are sung with an intelligence, surety of pitch and clearness of enunciation quite refreshing. Her gowns are artistic marvels. The dashing prince is acted with fervor by Harold H. Forde, and Arthur Forrest's long experience in the legitimate helps him in giving distinction and force to the rôle of the minister of war. Nellie McCoy, a dancer who may be classed with her talented sister Bessie, has a congenial part as an American heiress, which she acts as breezily as she dances, and some acrobatic terpsichorean work is contributed by Ralph Riggs and Katherine Witchie which secures numerous encores.

BIJOU. "THE THREE LIGHTS." Comedy in three acts by May Robson and Charles T. Dazey. Produced October 31.

Miss May Robson is so well worth seeing in whatever she appears that her new play, "The Three Lights," with her in it, does not deserve to be condemned out of hand. It is amateurish, but she is delightfully artistic. The play lacks proportion and motives here and there.

A cheerful grandmother, not old enough to have lost her interest in the outside world, is living with her daughter, who is a dominating puritanical person shedding gloom over everybody in the household. The grandmother takes an interest in her two grandsons, does not believe that they are keeping bad company as is charged, and arranges to join them one night in the city in order to see exactly what they are doing. The results of her excursion, harmless in intent, is that she has trouble to explain her absence and what happened that night. It might be possible to make this part of the play farcical. As it is, much of it is forced and in bad taste.

WEBER'S. "THE WIFE DECIDES." Comedy drama in three acts. By Thomas McKean. Produced November 14.

It is not necessary to make exhaustive critical comments on a production which fails and which perhaps by no possibility may be retrieved into a success. There are many plays which are properly abandoned after failure, but there are others which easily could be made worthy, popular and profitable. "The Wife Decides," by Mr. Thomas McKean, possesses none of the qualities that could be used for resuscitation. Mr. McKean is no doubt a man of ability and of ideas. His novel, from which this play was made, gained considerable approbation in press notices. If the novel had a definite aim, the play has none. Of course, the best material could be ruined by amateurish and uninformed dramatic treatment, but in this case it is not the treatment alone. The play is neither definitely a satire of easy divorce nor a study of feminine temperament. There are traces of points of view of the kind, and the play is an admonition against hasty separations. The play is wholly undramatic. Occasionally Mr. McKean demonstrates that he can write a good scene; but, on the whole, he has rashly intruded upon the metropolitan stage.

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GLOBE. "THE THREE ROMEOS." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by R. H. Burnside. Music by Raymond Hubbell. Produced November 13.

"The Three Romeos" is neither better nor worse than half the musical productions of the day, some of them a bit vulgar here and there, and all of them gorgeous as productions. It is simply a matter of singing and dancing and specialty work. It's a hard case when Mr. Fritz Williams cannot put you in good humor. In a fragmentary way he was amusing. Elita Proctor Otis, the mother of one of the girls, contributed her share to the foolishness. To remember her and Fritz Williams in their real achievements makes one marvel at the range of accomplishments possessed by so many actors. Miss Georgia Caine was at her best, in her own way, and wore a number of gowns that must be a delight to the feminine beholder.

FULTON. "THE CAVE MAN." Farce in three acts by Gelett Burgess. Produced October 30.

It is hardly necessary to waste words on this piece, which scored a decided and well deserved failure. Based on a rather clever book by Gelett Burgess entitled "Lady Méchante," the satirical idea the story contained failed completely when an attempt was made to transfer it to the stage. The idea that there is the making of a gentleman in every man no matter if he be a coal heaver, provided he wears the right cut of clothes and is trained how to use his knife and fork properly, is whimsical enough and, handled more skillfully, might have made a capital background for a play. But the scenes as they developed in this version were so trivial, so amateurish, so grotesque, so completely lacking in interest that the audience was not held for a moment. Mr. Robert Edeson, a capable actor, has never been seen in anything worse.

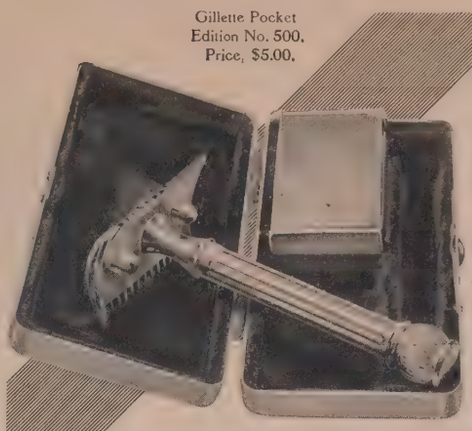
WEBER'S. "MRS. AVERY." Comedy drama in three acts. By Gretchen Dale and Howard Estabrook. Produced October 23 with this cast:

Waldo Avery, Howard Estabrook; Maid, Anna McConville; Collins Blaine, Norman Tharp; Seamstress, Coronella Birkett; Thyra Avery, Gretchen Dale; Another Maid, Rose Wincott; Mabel Cummings, Helena Byrne; Gertrude Ryder, Helena Head; Collector, William Martin; Clarence Crowle, Brandon Hurst; Ivan Barzias, Emmett Corrigan; Workman, Ralph Dean; Irene Loring, Eleanor Bourne; J. M. Calhoun, Henry S. Robinson.

It is only necessary to mention this play by way of record. It was not a success.

LIBERTY. "THE LITTLEST REBEL." Play in four acts. By Edward Peple. Produced November 15.

A review of this play will be found in our November issue.



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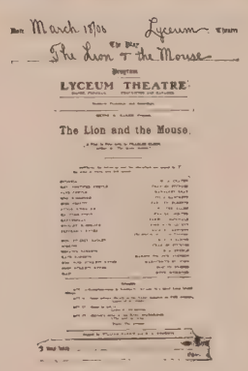

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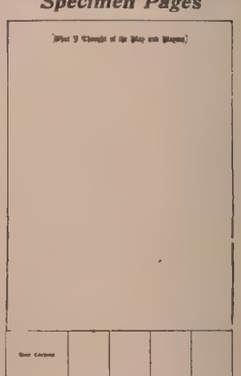

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MLLE. CHENAL, OF THE OPERA, IN A VERY BEAUTIFUL EVENING WRAP OF SUPPLE VELVET TRIMMED WITH SKUNK

FASHIONS FOR CHRISTMAS AND AFTER

THERE has been considerable gossip about the uncorsetted figure within the past six months. I gave little heed to these rumors, because a certain well known corset manufacturer told me that the leading stores in New York and Chicago were ordering their corsets more heavily boned than ever.

Yet the continued vogue of the Empire lines in costumes, even in our tailored street dresses, would make it possible for a slender woman in good physical condition to dispense with a corset. Most of us, however, have not given sufficient time and attention to the development of the torso to be able to do without the corset in some form.

You will see that we have gradually been evolving towards more rational shapes in feminine apparel. If you will give a backward glance on the history of fashion for the past fifty years, there have been dress reformers like Doctor Mary Walker, the first wearer of bloomers, and Jenness Miller, who endeavored by lectures and writing to gain adherents to her cause. It was only ten years ago that a German woman endeavored to gain admirers for the uncorsetted figure. But to judge from the reports in the German newspapers the average German woman, when without a corset, looked like a pillow with a string tied about the waist.

However, Paris dressmakers, or rather corsetières, have discovered a way to give all the freedom, ease, and grace of the uncorsetted figure, but with none of the objectionable features. They have invented the boneless corset!

You cannot remedy the defects of nature with a boneless corset. But a boneless corset will remedy many of the ills to which feminine nature is heir, because it will not constrain the figure in any part. No more indigestion, etc., etc., for the wearer of the boneless corset. It is made of an excellent quality of silk tricot, which because of the way it is woven gives with the motions of the wearer. It sustains the figure without restricting it. But, alas and alack, the boneless corset is not entirely boneless, for it has the usual steels in the front and bones in the back! But truly it is so near boneless that it well deserves the praise given it by its wearers.

Peau de chamois is by all odds the classiest and most up-to-date material for the construction of tailored suits and costumes. Every woman who can afford it should invest in it, and it will be economical in the end, for it is a high class material that has been found impossible so far to reproduce in inexpensive goods. It has a soft and velvety finish that is most entrancing, and comes in an exquisite range of shades and colors.

Photo Felix

MLLE CHENAL
Coat of broadtail trimmed with opossum

I saw an exquisite model afternoon gown in peau de chamois at one of the leading Fifth Avenue dressmakers the other day. It had the high waistline and simulated tunic skirt, a broad hem going up the right side of the skirt. The tunic stopped a few inches below the knees and the skirt was completed by a shaped flounce of the peau de chamois. The bodice opening extended in a diagonal line from the right side of the waistline to a few inches from the neck. The round opening was filled in with a bit of canvas-colored lace, while the elbow-length kimono sleeves were finished with narrow plaited ruffles of canvas-colored lace and net. There was a plaited frill of the lace outlining the opening of the bodice from the waistline to about three inches from the top. A little knotted blue cord was tied in a small bow, the ends finished with silk tassels. The peau de chamois was of a soft shade of American beauty red, while the card and satin girdle were of king's blue. This color combination sounds rather startling, and certainly might be so if attempted by any but an artist in color.

One of the oddities of this costume was that it was made on a lining of heavy net. And I am told that this is to be the lining par excellence for our summer frocks, whether they be of silk, linen or voile. It is a quality of net which washes nicely, and is slightly boned to keep it from riding up. The great advantage of this heavy net lining is that it adds nothing to the weight of the frock, and yet gives the dressmaker a foundation by which the drapery of the bodice can be held in place. This should certainly make for decidedly more artistic effects in our summer costumes, and the cost is so slight that it can be used even in ready-made frocks without adding anything worth counting to the cost.

A friend has just brought back from Paris one of the most exquisite fur coats imaginable. It is of tailless ermine with a wide sailor collar of the ermine and dolman sleeves. The coat is very long, and this extra length is gathered up about the ankles, the deep folds making a pretty movement from back to front where they terminate at about the knee. This not being exquisite enough Drecoll added a silver fox, the head and front paws of which rest on the right sleeve, while the tail and back paws occupy much the same position on the left sleeve.

I wonder how many women know what a rare and valuable fur silver fox is? One animal alone now costs nearly a thousand dollars, and only the vandal would use less than a whole animal. The seemingly careless way in which this animal was thrown across

V1572. Bulgarian Hand Embroidered Purse with carved ivory trimming.
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I5005. Japanese Kabe Crepe Handkerchief and Glove Cases, hand embroidered.
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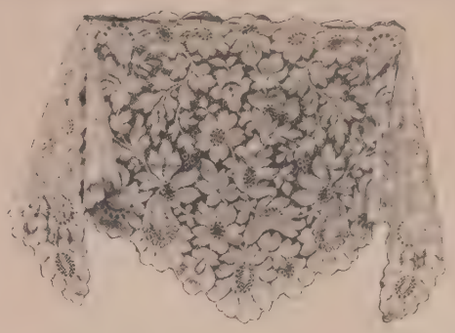

Spanish Hand Run Scarf and Fischu.
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Price . . .$2.75

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P3. Lacquer Jewel Cabinet, velvet lined containing one ¼ oz. bottle each of O'Lotus San and Wistaria.
Price.....$1.00

D4569. Damascus Engraved Brass Dressing Table Lamp with shade to match.
Price for lamp $7.00
Price for shade..... 7.50

Chinese Hand Decorated Lacquer Tea Poy, consisting of 4 tables to the set, graduating in size.
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Chinese Crepe Skirt, with hand embroidered panels.
Price..... $15.00

Chudda Shawls, cream white with fringe. 2 yds. square.
Price . . . $20.00

M908. Japanese Couch Covers in tan, red and green grounds, with mixed colors in center and border.
Price..... $10.00

Photo Felix

MLLE. DE KOROFF

A wonderful evening gown of black velvet, embroidered with large silk flowers and trimmed with skunk. The revers are faced with straw-colored satin

Photo Felix

MLLE. BRUNIN

Long wrap of martin, showing a clever arrangement of the pelts

the shoulders was the most artistic thing I have seen in fur fashions.

Dressmakers seem to be getting tired of the chiffon tunics, for many of the smartest gowns for afternoon and evening wear are now being made with satin tunics. The fashion idea is that the tunic shall be of a contrasting color to that of the gown proper. For example, black satin is draped over white satin. Indeed, black seems to be the favorite color for the tunic.

This idea probably comes from the vogue of the expensive double-faced satins, and is one which can easily be adopted to less costly fabrics, and even to the reconstruction of an old gown if one be a connoisseur in color. It is the soft clinging satins or satin finished crêpes that are best suited for this purpose. Black over old gold, turquoise, or rose red are some of the most admirable color combinations I have seen.

Of course, there must always be the bit of lace or net guimpe showing at the neck. This may have the high-boned stock collar, if the wearer desires, or may be finished with the round Dutch neck if preferred. The sleeves of the guimpe may end at the elbows, where they are finished with many frills of the net or lace, or they may be the long gauntlet affairs that extend well over the hands in deep points, or merely finished at the wrist with deep plaited ruffles of the net or lace. And, by the way, string-colored lace has almost entirely superseded white lace. While most lace comes in the dead white shade, it can easily be dyed the shade desired.

These guimpes are really very practical articles, for when they are made separate, it is an easy matter to always have a fresh one at hand. And it seems as though one could never have too many of these guimpes, for they are used with every style of dress, except the decolleté evening gown.

The new chiffon blouses for wear with cloth and velvet tailored suits are usually attractive, and quite different from those we have had in past seasons. They are the thinnest of veilings of chiffon over lace or soft silk linings. That is, the chiffon is laid over the foundation without any fulness whatever. There are wide revers or bands of chiffon for trimming. These are generally in a contrasting shade of the same color as the chiffon of the body of the blouse, though sometimes they are of a contrasting color. The only contrasting color combinations that are universally well used are the black and white.

Black and white, black and white: will the world of fashion never get tired of the combination? We have had it with us now for many moons, yet there seems to be not the slightest sign of a decrease in its popularity or fashionableness. It runs through every article of feminine apparel, hats, gowns, tailored suits, wraps, even shoes and stockings are shown in black and white combinations.

It continues to be equally well favored in Paris at the present moment. Black and white striped zibeline is one of the favorite cloths for tailored suits over there. Many of the fashionable women at the last races of the autumn season appeared in gowns of black and white combinations. A black velvet costume with a black hat trimmed with white ostrich, white corduroy suit ornamented with black lynx with a white silk plush hat ornamented with black, and a black and white striped velvet costume worn with a set of pointed fox and a big black hat, are examples of

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Loose full length Coats in Serge, Crepe de Chine and Pongee

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For street, afternoon and evening wear. Made in one piece. Designed especially to balance the figure. Will expand to fit without alteration.

Made to Measure, $15.50 to $91.00

221—(as illustrated). Most charming tea gown of crêpe de chine, trimmed with velvet ribbon in a contrasting shade, and handsome lace scarf. Handsome satin roses at sleeves, bodice and hem of skirt finish this creation. **Price, $47.50**

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1114—(as illustrated). Pretty Empire dress in crêpe Meteor with bertha of Macremai lace. Velvet girdle. Vest and cuffs of fine lace veiled in chiffon of a contrasting color. Skirt with shirred bands at hem. **Price, $60.00**

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We recommend for BLACK suede shoes the liquid; for ALL other colors the powders. Either kind, 25c.

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A cleansing fluid and paste for polishing in each package. Large size, 25 cents.

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Also Polishes for Red, Brown, Gun Metal, Green and Blue leather shoes. *Same sizes and prices.*

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The only first-class article for "Box Calf," Kid, "Vici Kid," and all black shoes. The ONLY polish endorsed by the manufacturers of "Box Calf" Leather. Contains oil and positively nourishes and preserves leather and makes it wear longer. Blacks and polishes. Price 25 cents.

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We are sure of this because such a vast number of refined women have for years used

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in preference to all other toilet creams, and the demand steadily increases everywhere.

It is so delightful to use, so refreshing and prompt in relieving

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that it becomes a favorite in every home. It will keep the pores clean and free from impurities—prevent blemishes and eruptions of the skin. It is simply ideal as a *complexion beautifier.*

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Size 11 x 46 inches

what the most fashionable women in Paris were wearing in the afternoon one month ago.

While it is yet too early for me to have seen much velvet worn in this country, I am assured by the dressmakers and tailors that there will any quantity of it be used both for street and evening wear. Black, dark blue and brown are the colors considered most appropriate for street wear, and share favor with the chinchilla velutinas that are quite new this season. Plums and purples always look well in velvet, and I have noticed some of the nattiest street hats are small draped velvet affairs made of those shades, and entirely self-trimmed.

Another smart idea for the velvet street hat is a severely plain covered shape, which rolls slightly all around, and a trifle more at the left side. It is a style that is certain to find more favor with the majority of women than the new silk plush hats, which a number of the younger women are wearing. This hatter's plush is a bit trying to any but the most perfect complexions and the most youthful contours. Velvet is a fabric which is becoming to young and old alike, whether worn in hats, costumes or street dresses. Besides many charming models in dark velvet, Franklin Simon is showing a stunning long coat in white corduroy with a big black fur collar that is particularly stunning, and is the sort of garment that will be useful both for afternoon, carriage and evening wear.

Photo Felix

MME. HARDANGES
A tailor-made of blue velvet, trimmed with bands of chinchilla

Among their petticoats and negligées are many dainty and quite inexpensive styles that will make delightful Christmas presents. Indeed, I have often wondered why more people did not give really useful presents when such dainty ones can be found, and of petticoats, negligées, neck frills, and blouses I am sure no girl ever yet had enough. Speaking of petticoats I must tell you of quite a new idea that a young friend of mine has originated. "You know," said she, "we can't wear frilly things on the outside of our petticoats to-day; they would spoil the hang of our skimpy evening gowns. So I have just had mine put on the inside. Catch the idea? Why, if your skirt happens to hike up a bit in front for some reason or other when you are sitting down, the little frilly things make a delightful background, don't you see?" I found out that other people did.

Among the useful and artistic presents to be found at Vantine's are the hand embroidered Japanese silk kimonos. You can find a very pretty one embroidered in chrysanthemums for $15, while a somewhat more elaborate embroidery of cherry blossoms is $18. The short embroidered kimonos in silk are $10, in Kabe crêpe they are $18.

Kabe crêpe coats that can be used for evening wraps, if one so desires, are hand embroidered in wistaria or rose designs at $75. These stunning, if somewhat conspicuous Chinese hand embroidered evening coats come in dark colored silks with embroidery in various colors, and in large disc and floral designs. These range in price from $45 to $165.

Equally artistic and useful are the hand embroidered waist patterns worked on either Chinese grass linen or Chinese silk at $15. For men there are some equally useful gifts to be found in the Japanese silk house coats, which come in either narrow stripes or plain pongee at $6.50, while men's pajamas in white silk or natural colored pongee are $12 and $10. I am sure that any man who get such presents ought to be more than grateful.

One of the many unique departments at Vantine's is that of the Oriental sweets, pickles, tea and cigarettes. No afternoon tea table seems to be quite complete without it bears some of these unusual sweetmeats. There are stuffed dates, and prunes, and cherries stuffed with pinon nuts. Spanish nougat always seems to be a little better than nougat made anywhere else in the world, while eaten on Fifth Avenue Vantine's Turkish Delight becomes a New York delight.

But really if I keep on enumerating all these fascinating sweetmeats that actually melt in one's mouth, I shall find myself squandering all my pin money on them to-morrow.

HARRIET EDWARDS FAYES.

Facts Worth Knowing

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.

For a time toilet vinegar fell into disuse with American women. There are many women of the present generation who have never even heard of toilet vinegar, yet it is one of the greatest necessities to the well-groomed woman. Toilet vinegar has many good uses. When the face is tired, is unnaturally hot, or is dry and burns, a few drops of toilet vinegar in the water in which the face is to be bathed will give immediate relief, and will restore the soft feeling and smooth look to the skin. Used in this way it is also said to prevent and remove freckles, wrinkles and redness.

A good toilet vinegar is also excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it almost instantaneously allays irritation.

Friction with toilet vinegar employed pure, restores impeded perspiration, and promotes the circulation of the blood. A bandage steep in vinegar, diluted with water and applied to the brows, will often cure headache. For purifying and fumigating the air of a room a few drops of this commendable toilet vinegar poured on a hot iron is excellent, for the vapors therefrom remove all unpleasant smells, and replaces them with a fresh and agreeable atmosphere.

During the autumn and winter months the hair is more likely to fall out than at any other time. For some reason or another men are more subject to baldness than women, and it is interesting to learn that some of the most prominent men in this and other countries highly endorse a certain hair tonic, which is said to arrest falling hair, eradicate dandruff, and, by removing the unhealthy condition about the hair roots, stimulate the growth, and also impart a much desired natural glossiness to the hair. If in very poor condition the scalp needs massage night and morning until

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THE ROSE OF ROSES

Among all the fragrant products from the establishment of that master perfumer, Lentheric, of Paris, many of which from time to time we have recommended to our readers, none is likely to surpass the vogue of his latest creation, which he appropriately names "La Rose des Roses." It is the very essence of the queen of all flowers, and the roses from which it was made were remarked for their special beauty, just as a handsome woman might be more particularly noticed for her charm when in a group of other handsome women.

This new perfume is manufactured from the very best flowers, carefully selected in order to obtain a superior extract remarkable for the delicacy, fineness and purity of its aroma, and this explains its name, "La Rose des Roses."

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will enjoy greater popularity than ever, due, without question, to the beauty, quality and "Shower-Proof" features of these well-known silks.

Cheney Silks include "Shower-Proof" Foulards, Florentines, Decorative Silks, Upholstery Goods, Velours, Velvets, Ribbons, Cravats, Velvet Ribbons, Spun Silk Yarns, Reeled Silks, etc., etc.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Avenue and 18th Street, New York

Photo Felix

MLLE. CELIAL
A novel wrap of velvet and plush combined

it shows improvement, after that the treatment may be gradually decreased until only a weekly massage is necessary. The massage should always be accompanied by the use of the hair tonic to produce the quickest and best results.

There is an excellent face cream, which not only keeps the skin soft and clean, but likewise keeps it wonderfully fine in texture. Continued application of this cream night and morning will reduce enlarged pores to their normal size. The cream is well compounded of pure ingredients, and can be used to advantage by every one. It is splendid for use after shaving. Women should use it in conjunction with soap of the same make. The face should be well lathered with the soap when cleansing the face at night. Then after the soap has been thoroughly washed off the cream should be applied and smoothed over the skin. It should then be manipulated into the skin by means of deft, quick pats, which will increase the circulation, and thus permit the skin to absorb the cream more quickly. The superfluous cream may then be wiped off with a soft cloth or bit of absorbent cotton. In the morning, after the face has been washed in cold water a light coating of the cream should be applied, and allowed to remain a few moments. Then wipe off, and apply the face powder, which comes in white, pink and flesh color.

BEAUTY: How Acquired and Retained. By Elizabeth Hubbard, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York.

This is a well gotten up and attractive pamphlet, containing many valuable hints on the preservation of beauty. Considerable space is devoted in these pages to the prevention of many of the ills to which the face and complexion are heirs, thus the author is in thorough accord with the general tendencies in modern therapeutics, the disciples of which dwell so much more upon the prevention of disease rather than upon its cure.

While, in nine cases out of ten, it is easier to prevent than to cure any ill to which the flesh is heir, the great difficulty in the way is to make the general public realize this important fact. "The wise woman in these days," writes Mrs. Hubbard, "believes in prevention; therefore she begins to give thought and care to her complexion before the smallest wrinkles make their appearance. For those who have thoughtlessly neglected the care of the face until middle age, when lines are already deepening, the results from treatment are slower; and while they cannot be entirely removed, they can be partially effaced, and in some instances where treatment is persistent, they may be made almost invisible. Therefore, *prevention* is the easier and surer method."

All women may have a good natural color, and skin of fine texture. These are the great attributes of beauty, which may make the lack of symmetrical features less obvious to the majority of observers. To-day, most women have a good foundation on which to build up a good color and fine skin. For the present generation has paid more attention to the scientific and hygienic care of the body than did their mothers and grandmothers. They are better corsetted, and therefore carry themselves better and breathe more correctly, all of which makes for better circulation. And good circulation is the firm foundation upon which superb bodily health and a good complexion are built.

Mrs. Hubbard believes that texture of a soft, fine quality can be cultivated in a rough, coarse skin, according to the persistence of treatment. The complexion can be cleared, smoothed and refined by softening and cleansing the outer cuticle, thus evenly removing the waste scales of the skin. A healthful color can be acquired by scientific treatment, which stimulates and increases the flow of blood through the surface tissues. Active circulation of the blood in the face is absolutely necessary for removing impurities from the facial tissues, and also for replacing the life-giving elements which it eliminates. Poor circulation through the face means one of two things; either the tissue will shrink and become flabby and wrinkled, or they will insure a fatty accumulation that results in double chin and enlarged cheeks.

One chapter in this book is devoted to the home treatment of the face, eyes, neck and hands, so that the women who are unable on account of distance to seek Mrs. Hubbard's personal advice may, by following the directions here given, do much to add to their personal charms.

Mrs. Hubbard strongly voices the belief that the face need not become lined and wrinkled if proper occasional treatment be begun early enough. She says that prevention is far easier than restoration. So it behooves the woman who would retain her youthful beauty to begin the care and protection of her complexion before the ravages of time, climate, environment and ill-health begin to show their various disfiguring effects.

The National Horse Show brought out, as usual, the great public display of the latest modes. There were some decided novelties in the way of dress accessories, otherwise the great sartorial sensation was the début of the flounced skirt. This was worn by a fashionable young woman who had just returned from Paris, and the costume bore all the insignia of one of the famous houses of the Rue de la Paix.

In outline this was a costume that was reminiscent of the eighteenth century, from which were derived the modes of 1830. The

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THE LADY IN BLACK PERFUME

Full of charm, grace, mystery and beauty is the "Lady in Black," whose delicate profile, modestly veiled and executed by an artist hand, appears on the dainty crystal bottle. It is the perfume of the Lady in Black, drawn with such power by the celebrated novelist, Gaston Leroux, in his story, which sleeps, subtle, penetrating, mysterious, between the narrow confines of this flask. You remember well in the novel? It is a unique perfume, which at each gesture throws off an atmosphere of trouble and adoration! It is a perfume which gives to she who uses it such irresistible charm that one cannot separate the sauvity of the aroma from the seduction of the woman. It is a perfume that one cannot forget, which follows one like an obsession of love, a perfume which makes one relive the happy hours and falls upon the heart like an adorable dew, the perfumed drops of memory.

Such a perfume was too precious to be permitted to escape, and here it is, filled with sunshine-like liquid gold. From the moment it appeared, all the fashionable women, all the leading actresses, adopted it and made it the favorite on their toilet table. All mystery, charm, beauty, it is a perfume which pierces all veils, captivates the mind, sways the heart, envelopes the soul with its penetrating and subtle odors.

LENTHÉRIC

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS

Photo Felix

MLLE YEVEN

A stunning mantle of astrakan with a small collar of white fox

gown was made of a soft green and mauve glacé or changeable taffetas, and the four flounces which embellished the skirt were so shaped that there was really no fulness in them. The scalloped edges of these flounces were bordered with fringed-out plaited frills. Above them was placed a wide band of gold lace, veiled by a tunic of green ninon de soie. This, in turn, was edged with scrolls and bands of the taffetas.

The girdle was of mauve silk, ornamented with gold buttons. The upper part of the bodice was of draped ninon de soie over white lace, the latter also forming the chemisette and high stock collar. With this was worn a small black velvet cap, trimmed with a narrow line of white ostrich with a few dainty little rococo flowers tucked into it.

Quantities of fur were worn, principally in the form of huge neckpieces and muffs, that were larger than ever. Plenty of black and white fox was seen, and quite a few stoles showed the combination of white with black fox. Pointed fox, the black fox with long white hairs strewn over it, was worn by many of the best-dressed women.

An oddity in muffs that is quite attractive is the combination of glacé taffeta with fur. Another novelty in the way of muffs is to have the shell covered with a shirred satin or taffetas of rather brilliant color, over which falls the wide fur piece, the fur being attached to the shell only at the top. This gives the opportunity for pockets in the shirred silk in which to deposit the handkerchief and other requisites of the toilet.

With the more elaborate toilets some few women carried muffs of mousseline de soie, lined with fur, and with them were collars of plaited tulle edged with the fur.